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NOVEL SERIES.

By this means we preserve for our own use, through all our lives, what our memory would have lost in a few days; and lay up a rich treasure of knowledge, for those that come after us. By the arts of Reading and Writing, we can sit at home and acquaint ourselves with what is done in all the distant parts of the world, and find what our fathers did, long ago, in the first ages of mankind.— WATTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. QUICK, LATE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

TO delineate human nature with truth and fidelity has been very justly considered as the highest excellence to which we can ever aspire, and the attainment of it (notwithstanding the constant complaint of the little encouragement which is extended to genius) is generally appreciated by the public, so as to gratify our most sanguine expectations. Whatever may be the mode by which our efforts are guided in the pursuit of this perfection, perseverance and application alone can ensure the success of our endeavours. It is necessary to devote our whole soul (as it were) to the attainment of the object in view, and not to suffer any incitement (however alluring it may be) to draw us aside from the path which our inclination may have induced us to tread. The artist, whose glowing pencil places before our eyes those brilliant scenes, which have called forth our admiration or excited our wonder, or on whose animated canvas the public or private object of our esteem is preserved in our remembrance; the poet, whose muse is devoted to the description of the cares or pleasures attendant on mortality; or the player, who assumes the very feelings and passions of mankind, in proportion as they approach the perfection of nature, are entitled to our approbation and esteem. Liberality in the public is the surest means of animating and encouraging merit, and where this virtue is not exercised, genius will droop and wither without arriving at maturity. Merit, like the rough ore in the mine, is often hid in obscurity till the notice of the world, and the cultivation of its natural properties, discovers its real excellence; and thus it too frequently happens with dramatic merit, which is suffered to languish for want of attention, unless some favourable opportunity

procures for it that estimation to which it may be entitled.

As the former modes of delineating nature, are less applicable to our present subject than the latter, we shall confine ourselves here to the consideration of dramatic excellence, which is cultivated as generally, and rewarded as generously, as any other species of talent.

Although we find so many candidates for theatrical fame, it is perhaps a more difficult picture of nature to draw than almost any other. To assume passions, to which our heart is most commonly a stranger, or to adopt manners, at which our feelings revolt, must be allowed to be no very easy task; yet we see very few who do not imagine themselves fully competent to the personation of all these properties, although the greater part of them are neither qualified by nature, habit, study, or experience, for the accomplishment of so great an undertaking. Many indeed attempt, but few succeed in the attempt, yet were it not for the emulation which is excited by this everlasting competition for theatrical fame, we should not find the art so successfully, or so assiduously, cultivated by those who are established in the favour of the public, nor should we acquire that succession of talent, which never suffers our wishes to remain ungratified, from a dearth of dramatic excellence.

To personate the hero, or the tyrant, the victim of deceit, or the hypocritical villain, is generally considered as the higher species of the dramatic art; and perhaps it may be estimated in this manner, from being thought more difficult to imagine the feelings by which those characters may be supposed to have been actuated, than to represent the more general motives or inclinations of persons in domestic life. We are, however, inclined to consider that an actor may, with greater ease, conceive the manner in which a character of that kind ought to be performed, than one, which from being accustomed to see continually, he may contemplate with some degree of prejudice, or in an erroneous point of view; and though we do not here intend to detract from the merit of the one, to bestow it on the other, we think the delineation of comedy little (if at all) inferior to that of tragedy, provided it is continually directed by nature, and never suffered to extend to buffoonery or grimace.

In a considerable degree the actor must necessarily be dependent on the author, and in proportion as the character which he personates is well drawn, so must be the measure of applause which we assign to his performance; but unfortunately for the actor, the greater part of the dramatic writers of these days seldom consider nature at all in their productions, which are distinguished chiefly by their attempts at novelty, not such, indeed, as would conduce to place nature in a more conspicuous point of view, but the invention of a series of unnatural occurrences, such as never did, and, in all probability, never will happen. We are happy that we need not here extend our censure to the performers; if they are applauded in these extravagancies, the merit most commonly belongs to them alone, and the author is no less deserving of blame; but when they have a well-written character assigned to them, we may perceive that they have not forgotten nature, although they are accustomed to caricature.

These observations have a considerable reference to all comic actors, and to Mr. Quick among the number, who, although he is not at this time engaged at either of our London Theatres, is too well known to the public, from his long continuance in one of them, to render any apology necessary for introducing him to the notice of our readers. His repeated performances also in most of the Provincial Theatres and at the Watering Places, would have preserved him in the recollection of many, had not his excellence in his profession procured him a fame which cannot be forgotten.

This valuable comedian was born near Whitechapel, where his father was an eminent brewer; but having from his youth discovered an inclination for the stage, at the early age of 14 he quitted his home, to indulge his favourite predilection for the vocation of a player. He commenced his theatrical career in a little strolling com-

pany, which was at that time under the management of the celebrated Oliver Carr (famous for his boast of having taught Garrick to act), and it is believed that he made his first appearance at Fulham, in the character of *Altamont*, in 'The Fair Penitent,' where his success was such as induced him to persevere in the course of life which he had chosen. He continued with this company a considerable time, and like many other of our best comic actors, mistaking the natural bent of his talents, he confined his performances to the heroes of tragedy, and played *Richard the Third*, *Hamlet*, &c. &c. before he was eighteen; but as actors in a strolling company are generally obliged to undertake a variety of characters, he by degrees began to turn his attention to comedy also, and in the course of a few years he improved so rapidly in this branch of his profession, that the fame of his talents reached the ears of Foote, who engaged him at his Theatre as a useful performer. Here he remained a long time, without gaining any considerable degree of favour with the public, till Shuter, at his benefit, offered Quick the part of *Beau Mordecai*, in 'Love a la Mode,' which Macklin, who was standing by at the time, encouraged him to undertake. This character he performed so much to the satisfaction of Woodward and Shuter, who were present, that they recommended him strongly to Mr. Colman, in consequence of which he obtained an engagement at Covent garden Theatre. His fame however still advanced slowly, and he continued almost unnoticed, excepting when he was fortunate enough to be the substitute for Woodward, Shuter, or Dunstall, till a favourable opportunity displayed his merit and gained him the favour of the public.

While Mr. Colman was arranging the performers for the representation of 'The Padlock,' Mr. Younger, the prompter, who had seen Mr. Quick play the character of *Mungo* at Canterbury, recommended him so warmly to the manager, that he obtained the part, and his performance was such as to justify Mr. Colman's disposal of it. His *Tony Lumpkin* followed soon afterwards, in which he was so successful that he gained the friendship of Dr. Goldsmith, the author; and his *Acres* and *Isaac Mendoza*, in Mr. Sheridan's 'Rivals' and 'Duenna,' raised him still higher in the public estimation, and constituted him one of the principal performers of Covent-garden Theatre.

Soon after this he became joint manager of the Bristol Theatre; at which place he married the daughter of a respectable clergyman, by whom he has a son and a daughter.

It may not be improper in this place to remark, for the edification of those performers who are frequently indisposed, to the infinite disappointment of the public, that during the long period of twenty years, but two apologies were ever offered to the town for Mr. Quick, although he most commonly performed both in the play and farce.

At the close of the year 1798, finding his health much impaired by the fatigues of his profession, he retired to Cheltenham to renovate his constitution, and we are happy to add that the change of air; and the salutary waters of that place produced the desired effect. From motives of prudence since that time he has continued in the country, and performs at the theatres in Edinburgh, York, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other places where his exertions have always been crowned with applause.

If however, as has been reported, Mr. Quick would resume his situation in one of the London theatres, were an engagement offered to him, we cannot but regret that the Managers should consult their own interests, and the inclinations of the public, so little, as not to possess themselves of so great an acquisition, as this comedian must prove to any theatre. Whatever may be their motives for this neglect, we must consider that there are many characters in our present run of plays which Mr. Quick might fill more ably, than those performers to whom they are assigned.

The talents of Mr. Quick are very considerable. His voice is full and harmonious, his features flexible, and capable of expressing the various emotions of comedy, and he has sufficient good sense to refrain from grimace or buffoonery. His performance

is distinguished by a rich and mellow delivery, particularly indicative of a facetious and convivial disposition, and in characters where these qualities are requisite, he remains without a rival. He never appears to step aside from nature—the words of his author always seem to flow from his lips without any previous study, and we insensibly forget that he is acting, because (when his part is a good one) he never disgusts us by giving way to extravagance or caricature. His figure is small, but well adapted for the representation of comedy, and his performance of *Justice Woodcock*, *Isaac Mendoza*, *Don Lewis* ' In Love Makes a Man,' and many other characters, are always recollected with pleasure.

In the part of *Isaac Mendoza* particularly we think him superior to any of his successors, the art of self-conceit of the "cunning little Isaac," are displayed by Mr. Quick with great fidelity, and his looks correspond so well with every word he utters, that nothing can exceed the excellence of his performance. In the scene with *Don Jerome*, where the whimsical equivoque is maintained between the charms of *Louisa* and the *Duenna*, the manner in which he comments on the "pretty velvet down" on the lips of the *Duenna*, is irresistably comic. His delineation of *Justice Woodcock*, also, is conceived in a rich vein of humour, which no other actor has hitherto attained in the character. Throughout the whole of the scene with *Rosetta*, in the garden, the very looks and gestures of the amorous old justice become realized in Mr. Quick. Those who have seen him in these characters will be inclined to regret that he no longer personates them.

As *Toby Allspice*, in ' The Way to Get Married,' he is perfectly in his own sphere of acting, and although the character is in fact little more than an outline, Mr. Quick has supplied all the deficiencies of his author, so as to give it an importance on the stage which it can never acquire in the closet. This comedy, which is written by Mr. Morton, possesses all the excellencies and all the faults of his other productions. A meagre fable, incidents ill contrived, and improbable events, are the leading features of his plays; yet they are not deficient in character, although, by extending his character to caricature, they are in fact but incorrect sketches of nature, wanting that harmony which should diffuse an air of probability over them.

How ill do his *Capt. Faulkner* and his *Julia* (the vehicle of sickly sentiment) assimilate with the vulgarity of his *Dashall* or *Clementina*, or even with the inconsistency of his *Tangent*; although a lively dialogue runs through the play, there is so little actual connection between the characters, that we are inclined to wonder what could have been his motive for introducing so many, unless it were to create sufficient variety to distract the attention. But as our business in this place is rather with Mr. Quick than Mr. Morton, we shall proceed to look a little further into the part of *Toby Allspice*. Perhaps this is one of the best characters in the play, for it has at least some degree of nature to recommend it, and we are inclined to think that many will recognise in Mr. Quick's performance the same ignorance, self-conceit, and folly, which they have met with in real life. The changes of his countenance when the will is read, his sudden transitions from hope to disappointment, and his alarm before he sets off to meet the judge, are extremely well expressed; but the best part of his performance is on his return, where he says to his servant, "*Geoffry*, 'tis hard to tell whether you or I look most ridiculous." The aukward stare which accompanies his doubtful inquiry of *Dashall*, "What, not concubines?" and his rich humour when he tells him that "he loves the pretty girls," are likewise excellent traits in his performance. In the 5th Act, where *Dashall* breaks his spectacles, and by endeavouring to conceal the infirmities of his age, he becomes the dupe of the newly made bankrupt, his attempts to hide the decay of his eye-sight are extremely ludicrous. We have selected these as the most prominent features of his performance, although the whole of it is entitled to our commendation; and we should be happy if it were in our power to extend as great a share of praise to every one, with as strict a regard to truth, as we have shewn to Mr. Quick.

We shall now take leave of this comedian, expressing our hopes at the same time, that ere long we may have the pleasure of witnessing his performance of these characters at one of our established Theatres. When so much excellent talent is within the reach of our managers, we cannot think that they will long withhold it from the public.

J. W. S.

MISCELLANIES.

Many Books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome.—Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains.

MILTON.

PROFESSIONAL LITERATURE.

A writer in Polite Letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, the admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or, else, he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification. DR. YOUNG.

"I resolved," says the late celebrated Mrs. Robinson, in the Memoirs of Herself, volume 1. page 184, "on turning my thoughts towards LITERARY LABOUR; and projected a variety of works, by which I hoped to obtain at least a decent independence. Ah, how little did I then know either the fatigue or the hazard of mental occupations!—How little did I foresee that the day would come when my health would be impaired, yet my thoughts perpetually employed, in so destructive a pursuit! At the moment that I write this page, I feel, in every fibre of my brain, the fatal conviction that it is a DESTROYING LABOUR," &c. &c. Such is the solemn, I had almost called it dying, declaration of one writer as to the miseries of professional literature. The subject is so interesting to literary characters themselves, and the examination of it may become so salutary to society generally, that I now propose to enter into some of the various topics with which it is connected.

The public, I believe, form very erroneous and inadequate conceptions of the nature of literary occupation, and the condition of those by whom it is professionally embraced in this country. Authors have become a numerous class of men; and, were they wholly independent of their employers and disposed to make common cause among themselves, they might be rendered as powerful as they are numerous. It is their dependence that is their destruction. Many as are the miseries attending literary employment, its subserviency, especially in the department of periodical literature, to the wishes of those, who, because they have possessed themselves of the passes of the press, controul without being able to conduct its operations, forms an evil of the most alarming magnitude. Hence the fetters which depress the spirit of genius, and circumscribe its literary exertions; and hence, as inevitably consequent, the disestimation into which professional literature has fallen.

Mr. Sheridan is somewhere censured, for the disgust with which he formerly con-

templated the literary character; and which, it is added, prevented him, during his earliest embarrassments, from applying himself to the resources he might have derived from the labours of his pen. This censure appears to have been hastily passed. Literary occupation is too often as destructive of personal character, as it is dangerous to the physical constitution. Conversant with all sorts of opinions, and sometimes compelled to forego his own sentiments, the man of letters finds himself, not unfrequently, become indifferent to opinion altogether. Is it desirable to fall into this state of intellectual degeneration? And, is it wonderful, that the view of this situation excites horror in the breast of every independent and thinking individual? So settled is this feeling, so complete is this conviction of literary misery, that there scarcely exists the man of letters who would not deprecate, as the severest of calamities, his children pursuing the profession of literature.

I behold with considerable concern, therefore, in 'The School Magazine,' a system of education calculated to produce nothing so much as authors and authoresses. This publication, which is a revival of 'The Monthly Preceptor,' promises, by holding out rewards for essays from all the little masters and misses in the United Kingdom, to supply the state with a generation of writers and pedants, instead of rearing for its support, as it is the business of juvenile instruction to do, an active and efficient population! If my view of its tendency is correct, ought not this publication to be immediately discouraged? The measure seems alike dictated by justice and by prudence. It is by no means politic to augment the number of authors; and it is acting unjustly towards the rising generation, if we suffer them to be ensnared into the pursuits of authorship, and unknowingly plunged into its miseries.

Of the unfavourableness of literary study to bodily health, many examples might be adduced; but this fact must of itself be so obvious, even to the commonest reasoner, that it seems unnecessary to expatiate upon it particularly. One celebrated writer has remarked, with reference to the poem of 'Paradise Lost,' that Milton, when his imagination conducted Satan up to the confines of light, must himself have been deeply agitated by intellectual emotions. Gray appears to countenance the same motion, where, in one of his finest odes, he poetically describes Milton, alluding to his natural blindness, as

"Blasted by excess of light."

Many, doubtless, are the consolations of literature; and it is chiefly when it is professionally prosecuted, when it becomes an employment instead of being a recreation, that it is really "a destroying labour." What is there desirable in lettered pursuits, when even the consolations of literature are converted into calamities, when its recreations are turned to drudgeries, and its delights have all the irksomeness of duties? Such, however, is professional literature.

February 6, 1809. *Mentor.*

SUNDAY EVENING.

I HAVE often thought that the time which is spent at cards, dice, or such diversions, might be much more profitably, as well as pleasantly, employed in rational and intelligent conversation. But as the former mode of amusement was so generally approved and practiced, I had long since despaired of the latter gaining an ascendancy sufficient to entitle it to notice or attention. Other obstacles too appeared to me likely to operate against the establishment of it; among which I numbered a difficulty in selecting persons who would be gratified by an entertainment of this kind, or who possessed sufficient talents to enable them to take such a share in the conversation as might conduce not only to the amusement but to the instruction also of their hearers: for I am well aware that though almost any person may be able to arrange a party

at card-tables it would require some little nicety to introduce conversation into a mixed circle, so that nothing more than friendly and liberal controversy might arise, and that the topics of discourse should be such only as would command the respect and attention of all the company.

To a Sunday evening I have considered this plan more peculiarly adapted, as it would furnish a suitable employment for society, without having recourse to those improper (not to say profane) diversions which I am afraid are still too generally introduced on these occasions. It was with pleasure, therefore, I observed, during thu last season of fashionable dissipation, that a noble Marchioness introduced a new species of entertainment on Sunday evening, called a *Conversazione*; and although I was convinced that the extensive number of her guests must preclude those beneficial results which I imagined it might be capable of producing, I was in hopes that so elevated an example might induce others to adopt a similar plan, on such a limited scale, that a small and select number of persons only might be admitted, under which circumstances I did not doubt but that it would entirely succeed.

As I had frequently suggested these ideas to particular friends, my inclinations on this subject were no secret; but the little encouragement which I had received from them, made me believe that they were altogether unfavourable to my design. I was therefore much surprised, and, I may say, pleased, when one of these gentlemen called on me the other day, to inform me that he had made a trial of a Conversazione, which had succeeded so far beyond his most sanguine expectations, that he was determined to continue it at intervals during the whole of the winter. "I was determined," said he, "not to give you any intimation of my design till it was executed, lest it should not succeed; but I can now safely congratulate you on the felicity of your idea, (which gave universal satisfaction to all who were present) and engage you for my second Conversazione, which, will take place next Sunday evening."

I embraced his proposal with eagerness, and waited with impatience for the appointed time when I was to behold my wishes realized, as I promised myself much pleasure from a social conversation, unrestrained by the insipidity of cards, or even the charms of music.

At length the wished-for hour arrived which conducted me to my friend's house. On my being ushered into the drawing-room, I perceived a pretty numerous company of both sexes assembled together, more, indeed, than I should have considered necessary to form the Conversazione. After the little confusion which my entrance occasioned had subsided, my friend said to me, "As this is a favourite amusement of yours, we must not suffer you to be taciturn this evening: the discourse at present turns on the making of coffee; are you of opinion that it should be boiled or not?" "Upon my honour," replied I, somewhat mortified at the insignificance of the question, "it is a subject on which I cannot give any opinion, as I have never bestowed a thought upon it, considering it as a matter which belonged more immediately to the ladies." "You are right, Sir," rejoined a lusty dame who sat on my right hand, "we ought certainly to be the best judges of the matter; but the men have interfered so much with our province of late, that I should not be surprised if they were to extend their enquiries to the boiling of a cabbage! but if every woman would exert herself to resist the innovation of these meddling males, with as much spirit as I do, we should not have conversation of this nature introduced among gentlemen." "I admire the reproof which you have given them," replied an elderly gentleman who sat opposite to her, "let men, I say, confine themselves to subjects which may be of some use to them, such as the price of provisions, or the debates in parliament, which concern every one." As I never interfere in politics, I retreated on hearing this intimation given, to a party of young men who seemed to have withdrawn themselves a little from the rest of the company. "I am surprised, Ned," said one of them, "that you should care for such an old put as your uncle. What, I suppose if the quiz

were to ask you to sit at home with him, and read the Whole Duty of Man, or the Pilgrim's Progress, you would comply?" "Not for a hundred," replied the other; "No, no; if I humour the old boy, depend on't 'tis for my own convenience—how else do you think I can replenish my purse, when you so often drain it? By the bye, I lost two hundred last night to Bob Reynolds, at hazard; and I must draw Nunkey's purse-strings to pay the debt: as for my other creditors, they may wait. Buckram did not cut the last coat to please me, therefore he shall whistle for his money. The fellow came to me yesterday to say he was starving, and could not get bread for his family." "Starve, then, and be d—d," said I. This feeling speech produced a loud laugh from all the party; and another cried "You are perfectly right; pay debts of honour only. Your seat in the house will save you from all the rest. And now I think on't, Ned, can you recommend me a groom. I got drunk on Friday, and going home in an ill humour, kicked the lad down stairs; and they told me yesterday that two of his ribs were broken, so I sent him away." As I had by this time heard quite enough of their conversation, I passed on to a circle of young ladies, who were laughing heartily, and seemed to be in great good humour. "You cannot imagine," cried one, "how I enjoyed it; for she was so mortified when she found that he had called on me in the morning, that I hear she cried for nearly an hour afterwards, and refused to go out in the evening with him, so that I had the dear fellow all to myself; and I am in great hopes that I shall get him entirely from her. I have done every thing that could be done, certainly, for I wrote a note to him the meaning of which he could not mistake, and I have given him so much encouragement ever since, that he must have been blind not to have perceived it." "Oh, this is charming," returned another, "because she always affected to be so much better than her neighbours, and to despise all that flirting with the men which is so delightful." "Yes," cried a third, "and you may remember that Betty said how partial she was to Mr. D., therefore her disappointment will be compiete." "And pray, ladies," said I, "is it Miss C. that you are talking of?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of them conceitedly; "is she a friend of yours?" "She is," returned I; "and I esteem her so much that I cannot forbear giving you a word of advice on this occasion:—Depend upon it, the shafts of malice, when aimed against virtue, will always rebound on the agressor; and, I am well convinced, that Mr. D. has too nice a sense of honour to behave ill to any woman for whom he has professed an attachment, although she had not half the perfections of Miss C—." With these words I quitted them, and took up my next station near some ladies who were rather farther advanced in life; but as the conversation of these latter turned only on caps, ribbons, and laces, I soon left them to attend to two gentlemen who seemed to be deeply occupied in making remarks on the rest of the company. "How ridiculous," cried one of them, "is the idea of the Conversazione, at which the people assemble merely for the purpose of abusing each other, and of promoting the circulation of scandal. It only serves to convince us of the extravagance of the age. Every one complains that the times grow worse; and how should it be otherwise, when we see such vast sums squandered away in entertainments like this, which nobody either understands or enjoys. It is almost as absurd as if Mr. A— had placed a prayer-book before each person for their amusement." "I am quite of your opinion," replied the other; "and I think we may as well go home at once." "No, no;" returned his companion, "I shall wait for the supper, which will be the best part of the entertainment." As I however did not attend the Conversazione for the sake of the supper, and was already sated with the *rational and intelligent conversation* I had heard, I made a hasty retreat from this scene of vice and folly, vowing secretly, at the same time, that no consideration should ever induce me again to mingle in the circle of a SUNDAY EVENING'S CONVERSAZIONE.

CLEONICUS.

STOCK JOBBERS.

The leathern ears of stock-jobbers and jews.
COWPER.

THE alarming extent to which the practice of Stock-jobbing is now carried, and the many evils it originates, call aloud for investigation. There exists no difference of opinion as to the immoral tendency of every species of gaming. At the present crisis, however, when the laudable spirit of industrious ambition is obstructed by the stagnation of commerce, it becomes highly expedient to explain the disadvantages accruing from unwarrantable funded speculation, and to admonish the incautious capitalist of the dangers to which he may find himself ultimately exposed. Who can coldly contemplate the specious illusions employed by monopolizing brokers; and the periodical catalogue, as the consequence of such deceptions, of families utterly ruined in that fatal vortex called "The Alley?"

While briefly considering this subject, "Would it not," let me ask, "be eligible, in order to counteract the system of illegal speculations in the public funds, to increase the penalties now in force, and also extend them to illicit speculations in Omnium?" Inefficient in many instances, the laws are totally defective with respect to Script of Omnium. Certain penalties, as enacted in the 7th of George II. for the prevention of Illicit Speculation in the Public Funds, do not apply to Script or Omnium. The *spirit* is now defeated by the *letter* of the law.

Let me just illustrate my present meaning. Our law, as laid down by my Lord Ellenborough, requires that any person selling Stock should be, bona fide, possessed of the amount in the Public Funds, payable to bearer. Now, the Books of the Bank offer no means of checking the deceptions of the Broker; who disposes of Scrip, to, perhaps, Twenty Persons during one and the same day; and, if advantageous to himself, inserts a Speculation Bargain into a Bona-fide Sale, asserting that, at the time fixed, he is prepared to Transfer the Script! Here, then, the distinction presents itself. If the identical individual last described, speculate, on the contrary, in the 3 per Cent. Consols, since the law now requires that the Seller be Bona-fide Proprietor of the Stock, the Books of the Bank may be consulted, and the Broker detected.

CIVIS.

AMATORY POETRY.

IF all the love-verses that ever were written could be collected into one bundle, it would be found to outweigh whatever has been written on every other subject, and would yet contain a smaller diversity of ideas than any other subject taken individually. Every poet is necessarily a lover at some period of his life, and every lover must "*Have his sonnet made to his mistress's eyebrow*," whether it be his own composition or not. *Heinsius*, in one of his prefaces, humorously describes the tormenting solicitations of his amorous friends, who required his muse to celebrate their mistresses: "Hair of all colours, and eyes of every tint, with cheeks, lips, and bosoms according to the newest inventions of nature's journeymen, the artists in paint, patches, and bodices, were to inspire him; the sighs of one friend, the joys of another, the rage of a third, the admiration of a fourth, the jealousy of a fifth, the despair

of a sixth, and the nuptials of a seventh, were to occupy him in versifying sighs and smiles, hopes and terrors, sorrows and congratulations every day in the week, and scarcely allow him a short half hour for better avocations on the Sabbath." I have known a pettyfogging attorney of Gray's-Inn, who, finding that literary theft was a crime of less danger than *petty larceny*, stole love-verses from a rhyming barrister on the same staircase, to send to a sempstress of High Holborn; and I have heard that the brilliant effusions of a young nobleman, illustrious in the annals of gallantry, were the compositions of a humble dependent, who served him at once in the tripple capacity of pimp, footman, and poet. In fact, there seem to be few sensations of the human bosom, that can be so readily expressed by the pen of a proxy as those of love; and I question whether the request of the Irishman might not have been judiciously complied with, who asked his master for one of his numerous letters to send to a friend; had all the letters been love-letters, and the Irishman's correspondent a sweetheart.

Dion.

SOLITARY AMUSEMENTS.

RELIGION.

"IT is not necessary," observes Ganganelli, "to form young people to defend a Thesis, but to be obliged, as rational creatures, to convince themselves of Eternal Truths."

PROPENSITIES.

"The habitual indulgence of any Propensity," says Dr. Reid, "in opposition to the dictates of Reason, tends gradually to weaken, and at length to destroy altogether, the influence of that faculty."

LORD VERULAM.

Who would expect to meet with such curiosities as the following, among the studious recreations of the great Francis Bacon?—

"The brains of some creatures, when their heads are roasted, taken in wine, are said to strengthen the memory. And this seemeth incident to the brains of those that are fearful; as hares, hens, deers."

"If the mother eat quinces much, and coriander seed, it will make the child ingenious; and if the mother eat much onion, or beans, or other vaporous food, or drink wine or strong drink immoderately, or fast much or be given to much musing, it endangereth the child to become lunatic or of imperfect memory."

"The heart of an ape," continues his Lordship, "if worn near the heart, comforteth the heart, and increaseth audacity!" Is not this a good hint for barristers, especially those who are novices in pleading?

HUMAN FEELINGS.

Will any one explain to me, says a foreign writer, how it is that in life, and without knowing wherefore, there are certain painful hours which produce a sudden revolution in character:—when the most active disposition is delivered over to perfect apathy; when the noblest soul languishes in depression; and when the best organised mind becomes incapable of conceiving any thing? How also does it frequently happen, in the days of misfortune, that the soul attains such a degree of resignation, as not only to enjoy real serenity, but even to feel a species of gaiety itself?

"Le plus hereux," says the same writer, "n'est pas celui qui a tout ce qu'il desire, mais celui qui ne desire pas ce qu'il n'a pas."—He is not the happiest who possesses all that he desires, but he who desires nothing that he does not possess. This sentiment presents an excellent illustration of the wisdom of the commandment against covetousness. Lord Lyttleton seems to have indulged the same train of thinking, when he observes,

Happy is he, and only he, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose!
In generous love of others' good to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
To nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear.

It is necessary (says Marmontel), to become a husband, to become a father, in order to judge rightly of those contagious vices, which attaint the sources of morals; and which, insinuating but perfidious, carry trouble, shame, hatred, desolation, and despair into families!

MARMONTEL.

Eight hundred copies of the work entitled *Memoires de Marmontel*, were sold at Paris in one day! It was the "order of the day," and, what does not always happen in similar cases, it merited the distinction.

PALAPRAT.

Little known on the records of literature, though possessing his portion of talent, Palaprat manifested candour of manners with the greatest singularity of character. He was at the same time remarkable for his sallies and infantile for his unsuspecting simplicity. He was author of the miserable piece entitled 'La Dupe de tout le Monde;' and, in the following epitaph, he has described his own disposition and fate:—

J'ai vécu l'homme le moins fin
Qui fut dans la machine ronde;
Et suis mort la dupe, enfin,
De la dupe de tout le monde!

SPANISH WOMEN.

The physiognomy of the Spanish Female, (says a French journalist, some years ago) bears the imprint of sensibility. Her carriage elevated, her steps measured, her voice sonorous, her eye dark and brilliant, the speaking of her gestures, all announce that she is born for love! Spaniards are susceptible of sentiments the most dignified, of sacrifices the most noble, of actions the most generous, and of all the excesses of jealousy. Jealousy, banished from other civilised states, seems to have chosen her last asylum in the heart of the fair Spaniard. She envisages *(Elle envisage)* the lover, as her exclusive property; she entertains for him all the attachment of which nature is capable; but she exacts from him the most absolute devotion!

JAMES THE FIRST.

His characteristic irresolution may be collected from the following anecdote.

The joke of a Preacher, who happened to preach before him, is authenticated.—Giving the Text of his discourse, he said—"*James*, the *First* and *Sixth*, *Waver Not!*" He was the *first* monarch named *James* in England, but the *sixth* of this name in Scotland. The passage of Sacred Scripture is to be found in the *Epistle of James*, in the *first chapter* and at the *sixth verse*.

SCHOLARS.

"This advantage a scholar hath above others," remarks Bishop Hall, "that he cannot be idle, and that he can work without instruments. For the mind, inured to contemplation, will set itself to work when other occasions fail; and hath no more power not to study, than the eye, which is open, hath not to see any thing,—in which business it carries about its own library, neither can it complain to want books, while it enjoyeth itself."

COQUETTES.

The business of Coquetting, (says a foreign writer) demands a discrimination infinitely more delicate than is requisite to the practice of politeness. While in society that which pleases every one is agreeable to all, the favours of love become injurious if they are not exclusive. A man of sensibility would greatly prefer being ill treated by his mistress, than caressed in common with others; and the most painful thing, in his estimation, is not to be distinguished by her. It is necessary, therefore, that a finished coquette persuade every lover of her preference towards himself; and this in the very sight of others, who believe themselves individually the objects of her fondest selection!

MOLIERE.

He is pronounced to have been happy in his fame, but miserable in his sensibility. He was one of those who are born with hearts too susceptible.

FRENCH MAXIMS.

Providence knows both what we want and when it is wanted. When, therefore, I feel dejected and wholly dispirited, I persuade myself it has need of my usual gaiety, in order to dissipate the melancholy of some other being; and I submit to its secret will as if it had been condescendingly communicated to me.

I laugh always, if I have any one to laugh with me; but it is ill laughing alone.

Since I have seen the world, I have learned nothing so much as to doubt. This, however, acquires me the reputation of having made great discoveries.

HELVETIUS.

Love lighted the torch of his fame. He was born with the liveliest predisposition to women, and this feeling eventually inspired him for letters. Being once in a public garden, he remarked a man who was surrounded, and attended to, by numbers of fashionable and handsome young women. He then enquired his name.—"'Tis Maupertius," said they. It was from that moment he conceived the design of becoming, by his talents and knowledge, the object of such flattering regard on the part of the sex to which he was so strongly attached.

February 7, 1809. *LEON.*

PARNASSIDES,

No. I.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the Nine infolded Spheres—
MILTON'S '*Arcades.*'

TOO little attention is paid to the smaller poems of our leading poets, and still less to the elegant effusions of our minor minstrels. It is therefore proposed, consulting the gratification of readers as well as the interests of poetry, to devote some few pages of one literary miscellany, from time to time, to the business of poetical selection and commemoration. If it is possible to possess too much of any thing truly estimable, it may be affirmed that we have too much good poetry. So multifarious are the meritorious productions of modern poets, so are they increased and increasing, that it becomes expedient to attract public attention to the volumes in which these are contained. Hence the utility of poetical selection, and the duty of poetical commemoration.

This article, which I shall entitle PARNASSIDES, will, in its execution, be restricted to no specific limits, but, on the contrary, varied and excursive. Sometimes it will embrace poetical comparisons, as when the same subject is differently displayed by different poets; and sometimes, as in Carew and Moore, I may be induced to discuss similarity of poetical character. My principal aim is to do justice to merit. Perhaps, while readers are entertained and writers satisfied, my labours may incidentally contribute towards the formation of a British Anthology. These selections, however, will consist rather in pickings

than gleanings. I shall cull my poetic bouquet from the choicest flowers of the parnassian parterre, and, in this agreeable employment, constantly prefer picking to gleaning.

P. L. C.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

Little is known respecting the character of this very pleasing poet. His productions are not numerous, and he died early in life. There is much sprightliness in many of his effusions, but he excelled in his serious pieces. The following short poems have been extracted into some collection of poetry. His volume, however, not being generally known, I cannot resist the wish of again placing these excerpts where they are likely to be appreciated.

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

To ——

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

SONG.

Cease to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms,
I muse in silence on her charms;
Censure not——I know 'tis folly.

Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

Without designing to weaken the effect of these beautiful verses, I shall, for the sake of contrast, introduce

LOVE LACONIC.

Prithee, Phillis! speak thy mind;
Am I the man, or no?
If I am not, be so kind
To tell me plainly so?

If my passion you approve,
I'm, of course, your lover!
If you can't return my love,
Faith, I'll try another!

This latter suitor, whom I suppose to be anonymously enamoured, is evidently emulous of excelling in the amatory epigramatic; and, like Donne and Cowley and Suckling, conceives laughing and loving to be the same thing. To laugh, however, is not to love! Love, which is the occupation of the heart, instead of being the amusement of the fancy, allows of no levity among his votaries. Those who rightly worship this Deity of the Passions, must worship him seriously, and even religiously. Cowper, who, I suspect, had been once the victim of hopeless love, finely describes, in his poem of 'Retirement,' the genuine lover.

The Lover too shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms!
Saints offer nothing, in their warmest pray'rs,
That he devotes not with a zeal like their's;
'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time;
And every thought that wanders is a crime.
In sighs he worships his supremely Fair,
And weeps a sad libation, in despair;
Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
Wins in return an answer of disdain!

MISS TREFUSIS.

Scarcely had this accomplished and interesting lady favoured the public with two volumes of her poems, when death was permitted to interpose between her and fame! Her volumes are dedicated to the celebrated Author of 'The Baviad and Mæviad,' William Gifford, by whom she was encouraged to publish the productions of her solitude. Her predominating feeling seems to have been indignation against male coquets; and perhaps, as in the cottage tale of 'Patty and Jemmy,' she has contrived to delineate some portion of her own experience of male inconstancy.

PATTY AND JEMMY.

A Cottage Tale.

"Haste, sisters, bind my dark brown hair
With this dear ribband Jemmy gave;
He brought it Patty from the fair,
And own'd himself her beauty's slave.
Haste, sisters, haste, and round me throw
This broider'd handkerchief so fine;
'Twas given, with many a tender vow,
By Jemmy to his Valentine.

My pretty ring, with posy gay,
(Dear pledge! we'll never, never part!)
With love's first modest kiss, one day
He gave; and Patty gave her heart!
Look, sisters, look! here on my breast
My dearest, proudest, treasures are;
Sweet lines, which sweeter love exprest,
Surround a braid of Jemmy's hair.
And this the hour he comes to claim
His tender Patty's faithful vows:
And shall I bear my Jemmy's name,
And be his happy grateful spouse?
O though my heart be true and pure,
Though innocent my actions prove,
Ye gods, ye only can ensure
My earthly heaven! 'tis Jemmy's love!
What though each tattling gossip tells
How Jemmy roves from fair to fair,
Still this exulting bosom swells
With blessedness too great to bear!
Is it his fault, if from his eyes
Such soul-subduing glances dart?
If in his smile such witchery lies
As subjugates the virgin heart?
Is it his fault, if in his song
Such melting tenderness we trace?
If wisdom flows from Jemmy's tongue,
And every step betrays a grace?
No, sisters, no! I'll ne'er believe
That vanity his conduct guides;
That he'll pursue, and then deceive
The heart which in his truth confides.
Then, sisters, bind my dark-brown hair,
Arrange each flowing lock with art,
Each little ornament prepare,
To make me worthier Jemmy's heart."
Her sisters bound her dark-brown hair,
Arrang'd her flowing locks with art;
But in the church a wilier fair
Receiv'd false Jemmy's hand and heart!
Poor Patty hears the bridal song,
She sees the bridal train appear,
She starts, she gazes on the throng,
But sighs not! speaks not! sheds no tear!
Pride gives her strength! she joins the rest,
This bridal retinue so gay!
She pins his favour on her breast!
Then sighs! but nothing still will say!
She would not injure him she loved!
She would not tell her tale of woe!
But onward moved, as others moved,
With step irresolute and slow!
She watch'd them to the bridal cot,
She sunk upon her bended knee,
Not once she curst her hard, hard lot,
But ceased to feel! and ceased to be!

Oft Patty's ghost, by Luna's beams,
Around the false one's cot will glide,
But never haunt her Jemmy's dreams,
Or terrify the happier bride!
Oft, hovering o'er the sleeping youth,
She spreads her arms, in act to bless!
Poor victim of confiding truth!
Nor e'en in death she loves him less!'

It would be superfluous to attempt particularising the beauties of 'Patty and Jemmy.' The following stanzas on 'Exchanging Shades,' are written in the same spirit, and corroborate the suspicions already expressed respecting the individual emotions of the writer.

Since the roses are fled, and the lilies decay'd,
Which once gaily blossom'd on Ella's smooth cheek,
Instead of her picture, she gives but her shade!
There, no faded tints can time's ravages speak.
Alas, cruel time! that an outward decay
Thy progress should register, proving it true!
When the heart still expands to the breezes of May,
And youth's fairy visions all float on the view!
And there let them float! they are harmless and pure,
On the chaste wing of æther they sunward aspire;
These gossamer visions through life may endure,
The affections survive, though the passions expire!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery, a living poet, has collected and published one volume of his Poems. This volume was condemned by the sentence of 'The Edinburgh Review;' but that critical journal, not always candid, is sometimes fallible. Montgomery has exhibited legitimate pretensions to the poetical character. The poet will be remembered, I have no hesitation in saying, when the critic is forgotten.

Accidentally glancing at the folios of 'The Iris,' of which provincial news-paper Mr. Montgomery is editor and publisher, I met with the following production, which, as it appears subsequently to his volume of poems, I now transcribe.

THE SONG OF THE SWISS,

In a Strange Land.

Imitated from "Ranz des Vaches."

O when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
When all my fond objects of tenderness meet?
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth!

Sheffield, June 10, 1808. *J. M.*

I do not transcribe this song as the most eligible specimen of Montgomery's muse, but, coming from himself, as worthy of being rescued from the oblivion of periodical poetry. His distinguishing characteristics are feeling, energy, and an originality both of conception and expression. He has also drawn his inspiration from the source of all true inspiration.

SIR JOHN CARR.

Instead of suffering himself to be scared from the fields of literature, by the author of 'My Pocket-Book,' Sir John Carr, notwithstanding the opposition of his adversaries, has proceeded to the publication of his 'Caledonian Sketches.'—"He is," said Mr. Garrow, "a gentleman of a liberal education and polished manners. He was intended for our profession; but he was advised to decline its labors, on account of the delicacy of his health, for the benefit of which he was also advised to travel. Having noticed what he saw, he has favored the public with the scenes which appeared to him to be most remarkable; in doing which, his aim has been to blend instruction with amusement. He gives us the full benefit of his observations upon the various scenes of life, of which he has been a witness: he has laboured to describe them to his readers, and he has made his labours the subject of emolument to himself."

It is with the poetical character of Sir John Carr, however, that we are now concerned. He has talent; and, I think, even his most formidable literary antagonist, the author of the work entitled 'My Pocket Book,' will be disposed to allow some merit for the following

LINES ON THE CALEDONIAN HARP.

In days that long have glided by
Beneath keen Scotia's weeping sky,
On many a hill of purple heath,
In many a gloomy glen beneath,
The wandering Lyrist then was known
To pour his Harp's entrancing tone.
Then, when the castle's rocky form
Rose 'mid the dark surrounding storm,
The Harper had a sacred seat,
Whence he might breathe his wild notes sweet!
Oh! then, when many a twinkling star
Shone in the azure vault afar,
And mute was every mountain-bird,
Soft music from the harp was heard;
And when the morning's blushes shed,
On hill on tower, their varying red,
Oh! then the harp was heard to cheer,
With earliest sound, th' enraptured ear:
Then many a lady fair was known,
With snowy hand, to wake its tone;
And infant fingers prest the chord,
And infant ears the sound ador'd!
Sweet Instrument! such was thy pow'r,
'Twas thine to gladden every hour;
The young and old then honour'd thee,
And smil'd to hear thy melody.
Alas! as time has turn'd to dust
Th' embattled tower, the beauteous bust,
Thou too hast mark'd his frowning brow,
No highland-echo knows thee now;
A savage has usurp'd thy place,
Once fill'd by thee with every grace,
The inflated Pipe, with swinish drone,
Calls forth applauses once thine own.

February 14, 1809.

NATIONAL VARIETIES OF THE DRAMA.

ESSAY THE FOURTH.

It may seem a paradox, and yet I am firmly persuaded, that it would be easier at this day to give a good taste to the young savages of America than to the noble youth of Europe.

USHER ON ELEGANCE.

IT has been lamented that it was the fate of the arts to visit the nations of modern Europe long after a certain depravity of taste had taken possession of men's manners, and had compelled the understanding to receive prejudices as infrangible laws. Those who have most loudly made this complaint, have supposed that the ancients were without any such bias either of sentiment or custom: that their favoured countries were entirely free from every false impression which might have injured those sensibilities to the beauties of nature, so favourable to the highest and most engaging efforts of the arts. Such complaints have no real foundation. Our race no where exists, nor ever did exist, in a state so peculiarly beneficial to the arts; nor, on the other hand, can any degree of adventitious habits render mankind insensible to the charms of genuine taste. We may indeed imbibe false ideas of elegance, of delicacy, or of correctness: these ideas may disincline us from attending to works of art, formed entirely upon natural principles: these may induce us to require dazzling brilliancies, extravagant delineations, and unmeaning ornaments, instead of modest and unaffected excellencies. But if, in the midst of our obstinate infatuation, a work of genuine and uncontaminated art is forced upon our notice, how suddenly do all our long fostered prejudices vanish! Pure taste is like pure truth: it hath only to be seen, to convince and to delight! Was there ever any age in which Homer would not have been read? Are not those the most excellent performances which from generation to generation have been esteemed the models of perfection? Surely, then, it is folly to assert that any age, or any nation, must necessarily be indulged by its cotemporary authors with unnatural and grotesque compositions. The reigning sentiments and manners may, indeed, dress and particularise the characters of the Drama, but the passions and the features of the soul are every where Nature's; and Nature will take care to assert their right, to the interest of commiseration and sympathy, in every region and from every generation.

I have been led into this train of observations by the remarks of a friend, upon the scene of the sacrifices in Œdipus of Seneca, which I mentioned in my last essay. He asserts "That the Roman Author must "have felt himself compelled by the false "taste of his audience, to introduce the re-"presentation of a pompous and splendid "rite, and a long detail of superstitious "circumstances, to the exclusion of such "traits of sensibility as might have been "more consonant with the nature of his "subject. The characteristic of the Roman "Theatre, was grandeur of spectacle; "which in its principle is contrary to the "simplicity of natural *pathos*. The dignity "of lofty expressions that seem to rise "above the common impulses of our pas-"sions: the imposing appearance of super-"natural agents, and the exalted majesty "of heroes, looking down on mere hu-"manity with contempt, were the attrac-"tions which drew the Roman to the public "theatre, and concentrated his attention. "We must not, therefore, expect to find "the purity of sentiment, the delicacy of "character, the animation of fable, in the "works of the Roman dramatist; we must "rather prepare ourselves to admire the "improvement of opportunities for intro-"ducing scenic splendour and figurative "diction. The violent sentiments of love,

"which took possession of the French "Theatre, are to be considered in the same "manner. We are not to look for pure "nature: Those sensibilities which form "the soft seductive charms of life, and "which every man may meet with in his "domestic intercourse as a father, a friend, "a lover, a husband, or a brother, are not "to be sought on the Gallic Stage; or are "to be found only as subordinate to more "extravagant and overbearing impressions. "Love itself, as it is really a social impulse, "must not appear; it must be attached to "some romantic delirium,—to some super-"stitious infatuation,—to some political "bond: it must be painted unhappy,* and "even in its misfortunes it must not so "much claim our commiseration as our re-"spect, for the exalted sentiments with "which its victims expire. Yet in all this "we have no reason to condemn either the "authors or the national taste that governs "their productions, any more than we have "a right to blame the other ordinances of "nature who bestows on one climate roses "and myrtles which delight us with their "fragrance, and on another tulips and "anemones which captivate us with their "exquisite colours."

The prevailing taste of the public will, undoubtedly, have considerable effect in directing every author's manner of thinking. It may influence him in all his general descriptions: it may suggest the form of his performance; it may impose the fashion of its ornamental parts; but it ought not to interfere with that interior construction in which the springs of human actions and the universal impulses of nature are entrusted to his imagination. However diversified a plant may be by climate and culture, the vegetative power that calls it into existence is every where the same: its perfume, its leaves, its colours may vary; but every where the same fostering heat, although in different degrees; calls it into growth, swells its fibres with the tenderness of spring, and spreads forth the vigour of its luxuriant flowers. When an author cannot rise above the prejudices of his day, but, by adapting the work of a former author to those prejudices, he bows in servile submission to the follies of a depraved public, he is more criminal than the multitude whose applause he courts. It is the duty of every one, who presumes to write, to endeavour to purify the taste of mankind. This is performed by depicting real passions and their consequences, and by exciting those sentiments of respect for virtue and of abhorrence for vice, which necessarily arise from the perfect delineations of natural impulses. Such a duty cannot be performed by seeking substitutes for the energies of genius. Authorities and the arbitrary customs of nations must serve, as I said before, for the frame and costume of the design; but the features, the expression, the character must be nature's and the poets'.

But it is time to resume the subject which I quitted at the termination of my last essay. The catastrophe in both the tragedies of Œdipus under consideration, is brought about by those simple occurrences which are strictly within the bounds of probability. These occupy by much the largest half of the drama of Sophocles, but the Roman author has scarcely left himself sufficient space to allow them that detail which may elucidate the fable.

The conversation between Œdipus and Jocasta, in which he first begins to suspect himself to have been the murderer of Laius, is by the Grecian exquisitely sustained, and replete with traits of rising emotion. When the Queen, to assure Œdipus that no faith is due to oracles and sooth-sayers, instances the death of Laius by foreign robbers, although the oracle

"Uttered by Phœbus, or by Phœbus' priests,"

had threatened his destruction by the hand of his own son, Œdipus exclaims:

"What dark suggestion gathers on my soul!
"Why should I tremble, woman, at thy words?
Jocasta. "What dost thou mean? Ah,
"wherefore this alarm!"

* Cette passion de l'amour est si différente de toutes les autres, songeons qu'elle ne peut jamais occuper la seconde place; il faut qu'elle soit tragique, ou qu'elle ne se montre pas.
Remarques de Voltaire sur Corneille.

Œdipus. " Methinks I've heard, from thee,
" or by report,
" That where three roads unite the King was slain."
Jocasta. " 'Twas often thus related, and is
" still."
Œdipus. " Where is the spot?"
Jocasta. " ——— Towards Phocis, where
" the roads
" From Delphos and from Daulia join in one."
Œdipus. " What time, since these events, is
" now elapsed?"
Jocasta. " Shortly before thou didst obtain
" this throne,
" Came this intelligence."
Œdipus. ——— " O! Jupiter!
" To what hast thou foredoom'd me in thy
" wrath!"
Jocasta. " Doth some new care disturb my
" Œdipus?
Œdipus. " Ask not, but answer: say, what
" form, what age,
" Had Laius then? describe, describe him to
" me.
Jocasta. " Tall; and his hair just silvered
" with fresh age:
" In form and features not unlike yourself.
Œdipus. " Wretch that I am! It doth ev'n
" now appear
" That I unknowingly have curst myself,
" With direst imprecations.
Jocasta. " What say'st thou
" My king! my husband! Nay, I tremble
" now,
" Ev'n as I gaze upon thee.
Œdipus. " O, Jocasta!
" A deadly, dark, persuasion fills my mind
" That the blind man* may be a real prophet.
" One thing thyself can'st prove:—tell me but
" this.
Jocasta. " I shudder ere thou question'st me
" with fear
" Of my reply, whatever I may know.
Œdipus. " Went few with Laius, or were
" many guards,
" Such as attend on princes, round his person?
Jocasta " Five only: and mid these a herald
" went:
" Laius himself was in a chariot borne.
Œdipus. " Enough! Enough! all, all is ma-
" nifest!"—*Œdip. Tyr.* v. 746—774.

In Seneca none of these emotions appear: the circumstances are barely narrated; and the only expression that testifies the conviction that Œdipus entertains of his own guilt, is the quaint term " *Teneo nocentem!*" Immediately the messenger from Corinth arrives, and the catastrophe advances rapidly without any of those impassioned exclamations which awake the commiseration of the audience. The interest of narration alone may certainly possess great influence; but that interest ceases in the drama, when the agents do not appear to feel the circumstances in which they are so deeply involved. The Grecian bard was confident in this truth, and therefore omits no circumstance which may tend to display the mental agitation of his principal character. After a sublime hymn Jocasta enters: among many sentiments of religion in the most exalted strain, of which the hymn consists, we find the following:

Chorus. " O that I were so blest that I might
" keep
" That awful purity of words and deeds,
" Which highest statutes (from th' ethereal
" realms
" Of heav'n itself deriv'd) establish'd firm:
" Statutes of which the great Olympic power
" Is father! not the mortal thought of man!
" They never in oblivion shall be lost.
" Within them a divinity resides,
" Mighty and excellent, that knows not age!
(V. 882.)

Jocasta, on her entrance, thus informs the Chorus of her intentions, and in so doing increases our regard and pity for the situation of Œdipus.

" Now visit I the temples of the gods,
" Ye chiefs and elders! and these wreaths I
" bear
" And incense, supplicative, to their shrines.
" 'Whelm'd in suggestions, Œdipus appears
" Vacant of mind, thoughtless amid strange
" thoughts:
" Nor doth with prudence judge of what's to
" come
" By past experience. Wrapt in fear he speaks
" Whatever terror hurries to his lips.
" Then since all I can counsel nought avails,
" To thee, Lycæan Phœbus, I am come
" Suppliant (for thou art nearest) with this
" prayer,
" That thou would'st grant some respite to our
" ills.

* *Tiresias.*

"We languish all despairing,—seeing him,—
"Like the sad helmsman of our wave-worn
"bark,—
"Smitten by fate!—(V. 930.)

In this state is Œdipus already thrown by the circumstances attending the death of Laius, so conformable to those in his recollection of his own affray with passengers on the same spot. The only hope that precludes absolute conviction, is founded on the report, that the murderers of Laius were numerous, while in his rencounter on the Phocian roads he was alone. This is an admirable resource in Sophocles for supporting the uncertainty of the audience, and thereby their attention. Had the first accusation of the oracle been satisfactorily completed, the rest might have been expected of course; but while enough is manifest to create the deepest alarm, still something is left to support hope; and the high character of Œdipus recommends that hope to every benevolent bosom.

The intention of Jocasta is interrupted by the arrival of the messenger from Corinth: and perhaps no scene is any where to be met with so highly wrought, and yet possessing so much simplicity in the detail. It is astonishing that the Roman author, who must have had the tragedy of Sophocles before him, should have entirely neglected those exquisite touches which display the heart itself to the spectator. With an insensibility that shocks and disgusts me as I compare the two tragedies with each other, Seneca compresses the whole of this and the following scene into a hurried narrative, interspersed with a few of the laconic apothegms from his philosophy; the wisdom of which consisted in pointing moral sentences and stringing sayings. What could have been his idea of the human heart? What had he conceived to be the nature of tragedy? Astonishment at uncommon combinations of circumstances; admiration at the splendour of decorations, music, sacrifices, and processions; and that gratification of depraved taste, which listens with avidity to the studied wisdom of sententious philosophy, seem to have been almost all that he attempted to produce on the minds of the spectators. If modern tragedies have been written in England on the same principles,* and have owed their success nearly to the same causes, it may indeed decrease our wonder, that such an author as Seneca should have existed; but it ought, at the same time, to excite our alarm for that state of the public taste, which could receive and applaud such derelictions of nature.

The excellence of this scene in Sophocles consists in the variety of emotions which arise in the breasts of the principal characters, and therefore in the audience by the sympathy of their concern in the fate of those they behold. The messenger's account of the death of Polybus, the supposed father of Œdipus, relieves the minds of Œdipus and Jocasta from great anxiety; and appears, together with that of Laius, to contradict the declarations of the oracle so strongly, that Jocasta exclaims;

"Where is your truth, ye oracles of heaven!"
(V. 965.)

And Œdipus, being sent for by Jocasta, cries out upon the same occasion:

"Hear this, Jocasta!—who shall now regard
"Prophetic shrines, or birds that flap the air
"With heavy omens?—Was't not told by those,
"That I should slay my father?—He is dead—
"Shrouded in earth—while I, with guiltless
"sword,
"Remain at distance here."—(V. 984.)

But this release is but of short duration. The messenger informs him that he is not the son of Polybus; that he himself received him, an infant having his feet perforated, from one of the shepherds of Laius, in the recesses of Mount Citheron. Jocasta needs no other indication, to be sensible of all the dreadful crimes that have arisen. She can scarcely repress her own horrific sensations, yet still endeavours to stop the eager enquiries of Œdipus into his parentage, and to preserve him from such dreadful knowledge. Œdipus persists, and attributes the objections of Jocasta to her pride, lest his origin should be discovered to be mean.

* Pizarro, &c.

Jocasta. "Unhappy man! O that thou ne'er
"might'st know
" Who, or from whom, thou art!
Œdipus. "Will no one haste
" And send this shepherd to me? Let her boast
" Her lofty race: I care not whence I sprung.
Jocasta. "O miserable, miserable man!
" That is thy only appellation now—
" Now, and for ever!
Chorus. "Ah, behold the Queen!
" Pierced with some sudden agony of grief
" She rush'd within. I fear another ill
" In her impassioned silence.—(V. 1090.)

How admirable is this circumstance of Jocasta, oppressed by the approaching manifestation of parricide and incest, hastening away to avoid the interview with the shepherd, and to terminate her existence! In Seneca it is wholly omitted.

The examination of the shepherd, by Œdipus, possesses fresh interest in the anxiety of the old man, to conceal facts which he knows to be pregnant with so much calamity. The Roman poet has not overlooked this, but is more concise: he has made the shepherd appear reluctant, but has given him none of that rustic sensibility, which, while it cannot invent a falsehood, is anxious to avoid the truth. The same scene in Sophocles contains many of those close, short traits of character, which are so much admired in Shakspeare.

The moment of conviction, for which the expectation of the audience has been all along excited, is the necessary consequence of this examination. Seneca, it must be confessed, has rendered that moment strikingly impressive: the passage has been highly extolled by the critics of the middle age:

Œdipus. "Speak truth. Who am I? By
" what sire begot?
" Born of what mother?"
Phorbas, (the Shepherd.) "Born of thine
" own wife."
Œdipus. "Earth open wide! Snatch to the
" depths of hell
" This foul reversion of descent and blood.
" Thou power of darkness! ruler of the shades!
" Heap stones upon this fatal head, ye The-
" bans,—
" Pierce me with darts!—here let the parent—
" here
" The orphan smite!—here let the widow'd
" rush
" With vengeful arms!—let brothers and let
" friends—
" Let a whole nation, in its rage of grief,
" Hurl firebrands, torne from all those pyres,
" from me!
" I live!—the scandal of the age I live!
" Th' abhorrence of the gods!—the bane of
" good!
" Worthy of death the instant I first lived!
" Resume thy courage, parent as thou art!
" Dare to do something equal to thy crimes!
" Go!—hasten!—mount the throne with rapid
" step:
" And, that thy race with children hath en-
" creased,
" Congratulate thy mother!"
(Œdip. Senecæ. V. 875, &c.)

Sophocles, instead of this vortex of passion, assigns to the emotions of Œdipus expressions of a very different cast. After having enquired into every circumstance with scrupulous attention; after having been slow to receive conviction of so horrid an import, while he hath exhibited increasing agitation at every step towards the truth, he at length sinks into the very abyss of grief. No unavailing rage, no imprecations on himself for crimes he could not avoid, no ironical reviling of his own conduct or his mother's; but, under the deep oppression of the certainty that all the oracle had threatened is fulfilled, he exclaims:

" All! even all hath been proved true—even
" all!
" O light! O precious light of heav'n! I view,
" For the last time, thy beams.—I am a wretch!
" O! it is plain that I've been born of them
" I hop'd I had not!—liv'd with her I fled
" from!
" Slain him I hop'd t'avoid." (V. 1204.)

From this scene to the termination of the drama, the distress is gradually heightened. It is over the dead body of Jocasta, who in the agony of horror had hanged herself, that Œdipus, wrought to the height of madness by intense grief, tears out his eyeballs.

" When we beheld her thus, with frantic
" looks,
" And shrieks of horror, he unbound the cord;

" And when her wretched corse dropt to the
" ground,
" He grew infuriate with excess of woe!
" The golden clasps that held her folding robes
" He rent away, and in his eyeballs thrust
" Their crooked fangs; exclaiming, that, no
" more
" He would behold her, nor the many ills
" He had produced or suffered!—'Reft of eyes
" He'd gaze on those 'twas guilt for him to
" see—
" On those he'd hop'd he never should have
" known!
" This he cried often; and as often dug
" Beneath his elevated eyelids deep,
" With the prong'd clasps. The bloody eye-
" balls hung
" Down his dank cheeks, and ceaseless, cease-
" less dropt,
" All down his cheeks, with gore: nay, the
" black gore
" Fell thick in show'rs, like rain. Yet fell
" these tears—
" These tears of blood, not for himself alone:
" They fell for both:—fell for the mingled
" woes
" Of husband and of wife!—That happiness—
" For happiness, 'tis justly said, was theirs,
" Hath on this very day been chang'd to
" groans,
" And wild affliction, death, and dark dis-
" grace,—
" Nay more,—if misery hath more names than
" these!—(V. 1288, &c.)

Seneca's description of the same dreadful incident is yet more replete with horror; and as the madness of Œdipus is made to precede the death of Jocasta, it is without those affecting traits which mingle tenderness with the description, and render it less disgusting. It would, indeed, be trying the patience of the reader, to offer him a translation of the same part from the Roman poet to compare with what I have just translated from Sophocles: it will suffice to say, that where he differs from the Grecian he becomes turgid, and mistakes violence and extravagant figures for the features of delirious sensibility. Of these figures the following is a specimen, of which he seems so fond that he has introduced it twice in the course of half a dozen lines.

" He spake—and as he spake grew mad
" with ire.
" His threatening visage glow'd with deadly
" flame.—
" His eyeballs scarcely in their sockets kept!
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
" With a fell shriek, his furious hand he darts
" Swift towards his face; when, of their own
" accord,
" His eyeballs, bursting with impatient glare,
" Start to his hand, and meet, half way, their
" wound."

It is thus that authors, who attempt to be great by affected sublimity, sink into the ridiculous. True poetry is not in the most distant degree allied to extravagance, whatever may have been said by some of the admirers of outrageous folly. Truth and simplicity are the nearest relatives to the muse. When the human mind swells with false conceptions, and produces the abortive images of things that never had existence, it is not for us to admire the monsters thus brought forth, however astonishing they may for a moment appear. Imagination cannot create, although some spurious critics have complimented her with that power. It is her province to combine and improve those impressions which the perception has received by contemplating nature in all the rounds of the creation, and in all the emotions of social life. When she pretends to do more, she only distorts those impressions into absurdities with Seneca; when she exerts her real energies with all that living spirit with which the Great Creator has actuated her, she blends those perceptions until their united effects become irresistible, and strike the human heart like the Œdipus of Sophocles.

T. N.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

DR. BLAIR has taken notice of what he terms *picturesque descriptive narration* in ancient historians. Few of the moderns have ventured to indulge in such animated delineations. It must be acknowledged that we cannot help being sensible of an appearance of making rather too free with the strictness of truth, when we meet with such exactness in the description of events, with which the authors could have been but partially acquainted. From the poet and the painter we receive these vivid conceptions of the actual appearance of any past occurrence with pleasure, but we are rather startled when the historian, from whom we expect more facts, presents us with the images of a glowing imagination. Livy and Tacitus, it is true, never step beyond the bounds of probability; they also confine themselves to strong general outlines, yet I question whether it would be safe for any historian of the present day to follow their example very closely. Our eloquence consists generally in argumentative reasoning; our histories in solid and plain deductions from them. History is therefore not so general a study with us as with the ancients: it is too severe to amuse; and when we have collected so much information as may barely serve the purposes of common converse, we fly for recreation to romances, travels, and biographical anecdotes. Perhaps the events of modern Europe are too intricate, too much fettered with the contentions of despotic princes, too little dilated with popular feelings, to gain upon the heart, like those of republics, where the lowest individuals are frequently agents in the reverses of empires. It is certainly by introducing these popular traits as often as possible, that Tacitus and Livy become so engaging to readers of every class. They set monarchs and their courtiers frequently aside, to describe the actions and sensations of the multitude: it is this that gives life to their pictures. A modern historian possesses no documents for such delineations: the records to which he can refer have very little relation to the people, as concerned in occurrences, otherwise than as the heirlooms of the estates of their feudal tyrants. This is indeed not altogether the case in English history: here the people have had their own cause, their own contests, their own victories. Yet English history speaks even less to the human race than the histories of many other countries. We have details of commotions, of civil wars, of the growth of freedom, but we have no pictures of popular sentiments and actions. To illustrate my meaning, I shall conclude this essay with two translations from Livy and Tacitus. The first is the picture of the Albanians quitting their city by command of the Romans.

"While these things were transacting, horsemen were dispatched to Alba, who were ordered to conduct the populace to Rome. A few legions followed to destroy the city. On these troops entering the gates, there appeared not indeed that tumult and terror which is usual in captured cities, when, the portals being forced, the walls being beaten down with battering rams, and the citadel taken, hostile clamour and contention, amid streets of armed inhabitants, overwhelm every thing with fire and sword; but a mournful silence, a dumb sadness, so deeply impressed the minds of all the people, that, in their grief, undetermined what to leave or what to take with them, they wandered along the streets, asking questions of one another. At one moment they would stand gazing from their doors; at the next, they would saunter through their apartments, fixing a lingering look on those things which they were now beholding for the last time; then, as the shouts of the horse-soldiers, commanding them to depart, approached as the crash of roofs, beaten down in the farther part of the town, assailed their ears—and as the dust, arising from various spots, covered every thing like a spreading cloud,

they snatched up suddenly whatever was at hand, and hurried away, quitting their hearths and household gods, the walls in which they were born and in which they were brought up. The emigrating crowd, in long continuity filled the highways; and at the sight of each other, tears repeatedly flowed afresh, with mutual commiseration. Mournful exclamations were also heard, particularly from the women, when they passed by the temples they revered, now surrounded with armed men, and seemed to leave their very gods in captivity."

Livy, Book 1, *Chap.* 29.

That which I shall produce from Tacitus is particularly mentioned by Dr. Blair, but as I do not think that the translation which he has attached to his quotation, is either sufficiently close, or sufficiently picturesque in its expressions, I shall venture to offer an attempt of my own. The picture represented is "the situation of Rome, and of the Emperor Galby, when Otho was advancing against him."

"While the palaces and temples were filled with crowds, presenting a melancholy aspect, Galba was himself pushed hither and thither on every side, by the varying force of the flowing multitude. Not a voice was heard, either among the citizens or the rabble; but every countenance appeared marked with astonishment, and every ear attentive to every report. Tumult it was not, nor was it tranquillity; it was the silence of immense dread, and of immense wrath."

T. N.

LITERARY PICKINGS.

PUNS.

A dissertation on the art of punning is a great desideratum in the present state of literature. The author might derive the name from the Latin word *punctum*, and take for his motto the *omne tulit punctum* of Horace. A punning Punic priest, namely, Fulgentius, Bishop of Carthage, complaining of the times in which he lived, affords the following example of this delicate literary art, "*nec famæ assistendum poeticæ, sed fami consulendum domesticæ*;" a pun that will almost bear translating thus: "this is no time for assisting poetic *fame*, but for resisting domestic *famine*.

THANKS.

Many a man when he has said *thank you*, seems to think that he has acquitted himself of all obligation; that he has done his homage, and is henceforth free again.—Rosseau says, that "thanks are insults between friends." What then could he understand by *thanks*? Does not all human society hang together by mutual obligations, and are not thanks the fastenings?

RULER.

The sapient ushers and masters of modern boarding-schools, and their manumitted disciples in the counting-houses of this metropolis, seem to be resolved to change the name of that little instrument by which their *rectilinear chirography* is directed, from *ruler* to *rule*. A pert prig of a writing-master was requested by a rough old classic, of Johnsonian mould, to lend him his *ruler*, for the purpose of making some small impression on the impenetrable fortifications of a block-*head*. "Ruler!" exclaimed the knight of the plummet with all the bursting pride of elated erudition, "Ruler! Doctor? ha, ha, ha!—why, Doctor, I myself am the *ruler*; *I* rule; this is the *rule* by which *I rule*." "No, Sir," replied the Doctor, "you do not *rule*: you are *ruled*, Sir; and it is fit you should be ruled, Sir. You hold your plummet, Sir; you draw lines, Sir; but you do not rule any thing. Nor is this thing in any sense *a rule*, except that, like a righteous man, it is a *rule unto itself*. With respect to you, Sir, it is an arbitrary, self-will'd, despotic *ru-*

ler, which you must necessarily obey." *See Johnson's Dictionary.*

HARD WATER.

The water-philosophers; or those who assert that water is the origin of all things, are well supported by the punning etymologists, who fancifully derive *aqua* from *àquâ* and *unda* from *unde*. Our *washer-woman's term* for spring water is liable to a curious misinterpretation. A foreigner hearing an eminent and wealthy soap-boiler complain in the month of July that at his *willer*, near Blackheath, all the water was *hard*, exclaimed with astonishment, "*Hard!* what at this time of year!"

KISSES.

The modern French theatre has a strange abhorrence to kisses, for which a merry English actress will cock up her chin, receive with a smack, and drop her courtsey. Voltaire, in his notes on Corneille, makes the following remarks on this line of *Le Menteur.*

M'en donner ta parole et deux baisers pour gages.
Thy word for it then, and, for pledges' two kisses.

"This indecency would not now be permitted. It may be asked how Corneille can be said to have purified the stage? Because before his time still greater liberties were taken. Kisses were not only requested, they were even given. *(O fie!)* This shocking custom originated in a fashion of considerable antiquity in France, of testifying respect to ladies, on being presented to them, by *kissing them on the lips. (O quam dulce est in moribus priscorum manere!)* Montaigne says that it is a scandalous thing for a lady to be forced to give her lips to every wrongheaded fellow, who, with three laqueys at his tail, may chance to be introduced to her.

"This custom is still licensed among the *soubrettes* of the stage. Hence in the *Mere Coquette* of *Quinault*, which was played twenty years after *Le Menteur*, the dialogue commences with this verse:

*Je t'ai baisé deux fois. * * * * Quoi! tu baises par compte?*
That's twice that I've kiss'd you?—What! kiss you by book?"

Voltaire adds, "That these ridiculous familiarities are of no consequence to the plot, which is a further objection to them." Now whether kisses are or are not of consequence in making love, I leave the ladies to decide.

FRENCH POETRY.

L'Abbe Mangenot observes, in his allegorical manner, that "the poetry of France in the time of *Rousart and Baif* was a child in the cradle, whose very sex was unknown. *Malherbe* suspected it to be a boy, and clothed it with the *toga virilis. Corneille* made a hero of it. With *Racine* it became a female of beauty and sensibility. *Quinault* converted it into a courtesan, to render it worthy of espousing the music of *Lully*, and painted it so lovely beneath the mask, that *Boileau* was himself deceived, and condemned Quinault to the infernal regions, and his muse to the round-house of St. Martin. With respect to *Voltaire*, he changed it into an excellent scholar in rhetoric, disputing against every one whom he believed to be at the head of his class: and lest any of his form should presume to contradict him, he refers his claims to the decision of posterity, the only true *prévost* of the university of students *in seculum seculorum.* N.

ROYAL AMOURS.

SINCE the appearance of the amatory correspondence entitled 'Love and Madness,' nothing of the kind seems to have excited so much sensation as the publication of certain loving letters, purporting to be written by the present Duke of York, to the now famous Mrs. Clarke. Whatever his enemies think proper to object to his military capability, every one must concede to him the merit of ranking among

the most accomplished of inamoratos. There is one particular, it must be confessed, as to which the Royal Duke is extremely unfortunate. Contemplate him either as a general or as a lover, he is alike ultimately successless. Venus seems not more propitious to him than Mars! It may console him, however, to reflect, that, if he has not always succeeded, still he sometimes deserved to succeed. This is one of those consolations which philosophy often suggests to disappointment.

Many people amuse themselves with descanting on the folly of the Duke of York; without remembering, as the truly great Lord Bacon observed, that "it is not possible for a man to *love* and to be *wise* at the same time." Experience itself seems to furnish no infallible antidote to affection. "Love, like death," is said, by the high authority last cited, "to knock once at every man's door;" and, as observation inclines me to suppose, why should it not knock frequently at some mens' doors? Nature makes no difference between princes and their people. I cannot see, therefore, why the predicament of his Royal Highness should obtain less consideration than the peccadilloes of the meanest commoner. I never heard that the Duke of York was one of the members of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality; and yet, *if all the women would tell all they know of the men*, I should not be much astonished to discover many very reputable characters in situations very little dissimilar from that in which his Royal Highness now stands. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!

"Do you call his Royal Highness *a good man?*" interrogated one of those every-day querists from whom no man can easily disentangle himself.—"Why," retorted I, "if you have an eye to the city, I know not what to say; because *a good man* must be there a *bona-fide* man. As to the ladies, what they call *a good man*—is a species of *negative animal*. A thoroughpaced *courtier* does *not* know what is meant by *a good man*. Even the *religious world*, which, of course, is full of goodness, merely *nods* its approbation of *a good man*. Now, as things go, I really think, after all, that the *Duke of York* is something better than many *a good man*." All that I am concerned with, however, is his epistolary reputation.

I have therefore to regret the incompleteness in which I find the Amatory Correspondence between his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and Mistress Mary Ann Clarke. It is, at present, all on one side. When her illustrious inamorato says, "how can I sufficiently express to my sweetest, my darling Love (meaning, it is understood, Mrs. Clarke), the delight which her dear, her pretty letter (meaning a letter to him from her) gave me, or how much I feel all the kind things she says to me in it!"—when one reads this amatory declaration, who does not regret being precluded from participating in "the delight which" this "dear pretty letter" was calculated to impart? 'Tis a chasm, nevertheless, which I shall not endeavour to fill.

Love-letters are trifles of the heart; and, as such, those of the Duke of York are highly to be estimated. How delicately (I had almost said condecendingly—but there is no condescension in love affairs) does his Royal Highness express his reluctance at "the idea of adding to those sacrifices which" his beloved had "made to" him! How minutely does he enter into every little detail; such as the "sameness" of "the life" he leads "in the family" (in the Royal Family), of their being, however, "at the play, which went off better than the first night;" and of "Dr. O'Meara" wishing "much to preach before Royalty!" With what agonising impatience does the royal lover depict the pangs of amatory absence from his "dear, dear love!"

"How can I sufficiently express to my darling love," again writes his Highness of York, "my thanks for her dear, dear letter (another "dear and pretty letter" lost to the world!); or the delight, which the assurances of her love gave me! Oh, my Angel! do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman adored as

you are! Every day, every hour, convinces me, more and more, that my whole happiness depends upon you alone. What a time it appears to be since we parted! and, with what impatience do I look forward to the day after to-morrow! There are still, however, two whole nights before I shall clasp my Darling to my arms!"

The Royal Duke then adverts to his military movements. He has been "reviewing the troops," and has had "a very good view of those of the French camp"—'twas a distant view of them! Agreeable is the union between love and war; since, while war depopulates, love still replenishes the earth. And to the soldier, as one poet sings, what greater bliss than, while

"lying tranced in her ivory arms,
There tell what thou hast 'scap'd, by Powers Divine!
How many round thee thou hast slaughter'd seen;
How oft thyself hast been near hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been;
When she, thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
With joy of health and pity of thy pain,
Doth weep and kiss—and kiss and weep again!"

Can any thing be more naturally expressive, or more affectingly elegant, than the whole of this amatory intercourse between the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke!

Oma.

*** The writer of this article wishes to obtain the appointment of Amatory Secretary to any of our Illustrious Personages.

THE ARBITRATOR.

No. 16.

MR. CUMBERLAND'S LONDON REVIEW.

Both must alike from Heaven derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write:
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

POPE'S 'ESSAY ON CRITICISM.'

SINCE the memorable trial between Sir John Carr and Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, which excited such attention in the world of letters, *anonymous reviewing* has been much canvassed; and various suggestions have been thrown out, as to the necessity of endeavouring to establish, in this country, what may be termed the system of *authenticated reviewing*. One of our periodical miscellanies. 'The Monthly Magazine,' seems to have been active in agitating the subject now under discussion, "Whether anonymous reviews are entitled to respect or credit," writes a correspondent in that magazine, under the signature 'Common Sense,' during last October,—"I confess, I think this a question which chiefly agitates booksellers' apprentices, &c. &c.! *No man of ordinary sense, or observation, can, for a moment, lend his judgment to the dictums of anonymous critics*, &c. &c. when personal responsibility is not a necessary qualification." This is not enough. "We rejoice to inform our readers," says one of the Literary Notices in the same magazine, "that Mr. CUMBERLAND has consented to place his name at the head of a PHALANX OF LITERATI, who are determined TO RESCUE LITERATURE FROM THE TYRANNY AND KNAVERY OF ANONYMOUS CRITICISM. With-

out an exertion of this kind, on the part of men of letters, all emulation and enterprise among men of genius and science would speedily be destroyed in England; owing to the *unprincipled artifices* of the writers in *anonymous reviews*, who impudently *impose on the confidence of the public*, and confound all the right and wrong in their *pretended criticisms*. It cannot be too often repeated, that the tricks practised, by anonymous reviewers, are little superior to those of advertising money-lenders." Such are the means, which have been employed to make way for the present LONDON REVIEW. Such is the imperative proclamation that preceded the appearance of the CUMBERLAND CRITICALIAD.

Have those means been altogether ingenuous; and, was such language fairly justifiable? Was it quite candid, while expatiating on the *abuses* of Anonymous Criticism, to pass silently over its *advantages*? Is it not illiberal, and therefore reprehensible, to have, by one sweeping besom, indiscriminately condemned *all* anonymous criticism? It is not so true, as the writer styling himself 'Common Sense,' would insinuate, that "*personal responsibility* is not a necessary qualification" in the *anonymous critic*. Is not the publisher of an *anonymous review* always accessible? Does not the publisher commonly know his *editor*? Is not the editor generally acquainted with the *writers* of such *review*? Here, therefore, seems something very like "*personal* responsibility." It is not necessary for me to repel the strictures directed against reviewers whose "tricks" are described as "little superior to those of advertising money-lenders." If my *name* is not here *published*, it is not because my observations may provoke hostility. *Mr. Cumberland* is welcome to *know me*, whenever he shall please to address me by my signature. I am something of a recluse, but I can feel no dislike to be honorably drawn from my solitude.

Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandring there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of subtilty canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood by which
One common maker bound me to the kind?
True; I am no proficient, I confess,
In arts like your's.

'*The Task*.'—*Book* 3.'

Enough of myself; but something more of Mr. Cumberland, and the Phalanx of Literati, of which he is represented as commander-in-chief.—"The appeal is made," writes Mr. CUMBERLAND, in his 'Concluding Address' to the first number of his LONDON REVIEW; "the work itself invites assistance: I solicit no one; neither leisure, nor disposition, nor delicacy, warrant me in calling personally on any man, in the vigour of his talents, to muster under my standard, tattered as it is with hard unceasing service, and almost dropping from the staff."

Mr. Cumberland avows himself to be the "projector" of the "work" he has now "undertaken." What he has thus undertaken, he is also determined to prosecute. "I trust," he adds, "that I possess a spirit, which neither public wrongs nor private sufferings have been able to subdue; and, though with one foot in the grave, I will do my duty and maintain my post to the last." "God hath given me a spirit; and I have preserved to myself a conscience that can support me under any visitation, that does not haunt me in the likeness of dishonour."

He is likewise fully prepared for the difficulties which he may happen to encounter.—"The world, as it is called, by which, in fact, I mean only that very small part of it who think it worth their while to concern themselves about this undertaking," declares Mr. C., "are very sure we cannot go with it. All I have to say to that is, I am not discouraged, &c. &c. &c. Therefore I conclude that they, who say we cannot go on, must ground their opinion upon premises not very creditable to mankind; and of course they will always have the worst side of the argument, even should they chance to be right in their conclusion."

Having transcribed the observations ful-

minated by the Monthly Magazine against Anonymous Criticism, I think it proper to state Mr. Cumberland's sentiments on the same subject. "Every one must confess," he remarks, "that there is a dangerous temptation, an *unmanly security*, an *unfair advantage*, in (reviewing) *concealment*: Why, then, should any man who seeks not to injure, but to benefit, his contemporaries, resort to it? There can be no reason why he should do that with the best intentions, which evil men are fain to do for the worst of purposes. A piece of crape may be a convenient mask for a highwayman; but a man, that goes upon an honest errand, does not want it, and will disdain to wear it." Now, all this is very good, but it is not exactly applicable. Every man must have experienced the danger of even amicably admonishing his fellows; while no sensible man, I conceive, would willingly create to himself unnecessary enemies. I know of no affinity between the highwayman and the reviewer. Are not Mr. Cumberland's animadversions, indeed, as unwarranted by his own fate as they are injurious to others, since he owns himself "much beholden to many of his brother *critics* from *behind the curtain*, who have robbed him of nothing but the satisfaction, he should else have had, in acknowledging their favours and returning them his thanks?" It is not *real genius*, then, that will find any thing to fear even from *anonymous criticism*. This Mr. Cumberland incidentally concedes: if, as he tells us, he is himself "much beholden to many of his brother-critics from behind the curtain!"

Mr. Cumberland, as before observed, seems aware of the obstacles which are to be encountered in the performance of what I have called authenticated reviewing. I am far from thinking that these obstacles will be easily surmounted. Where the critic is continually exposing himself to the retaliations of authors, however undeservedly he may incur them, is there no chance of his compromising between public duty and private comfort; and may he not, hesitating to offend the individual, be sometimes induced to mitigate the decision he owes to the community? The case seems more than probable. There may not, I grant, be much to apprehend in criticising departed authors, as in the instance of the late Mr. Fox's 'History of the Early part of the Reign of James the Second;' nor is the reviewer greatly endangered when, as in Mr. Cecil's 'Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton,' he condemns one deceased writer, and even ventures to assail another who is supposed to be dying. These are not the gigantic approaches which criticism is often called upon to make towards the citadel of literary reputation. It is no mighty enterprise to capture an expiring enemy.

Much depends, however, on the taste of the times, or, perhaps, on the direction that may be given to it by skilful management. Mr. Cumberland, in "setting on foot" his 'London Review,' is entitled to full "credit" both "for the purity" and "patriotism of his intentions," which have certainly produced "a spirited and praiseworthy undertaking." He is right when he asserts, that "a very few more experiments, like the present, will decide for or against the permanency of his plan;" and time will ascertain how far he is justified in hoping that his "work will outlive him, by many generations."

Calumny has had its day, or, rather, its night; and men may do well to try, if it be only as "an experiment," whether the daylight of candour is not quite as agreeable as the midnight of calumny. Notwithstanding, therefore, what I have taken the liberty to suggest respecting the obstacles which oppose themselves to the prosecution of Mr. Cumberland's present undertaking, I am seriously anxious to see what effect it will ultimately produce. If the new London Review should happily answer the generous expectations of its enlightened projector, he will have conferred an essential obligation on his country. Even the disappointment of his spirited anticipations, however reproachful to the character of his contemporaries, cannot lessen the honour to which this attempt will entitle him as an individual.

Certainly the most prominent article in the 'London Review,' and the one with which it opens, is the Review of Mr. Fox's historical production, by Mr. Cumberland.

The opening of this article demands transcription. I know of nothing more manly, simple, or affecting, in the whole compass of our literature, than the reflections it contains, and the unstudied beauties of its composition.—

"I can perfectly well recollect the time," writes Mr. Cumberland, "such is the unenviable property of old age, when the author of the work, now under my review, first entered upon public business as a senator and statesman; and having contemplated, though at humble distance from his person, the bold career of his politics and the bright display of his talents, I witnessed the coming on of his death, and was not unobservant of the consequences, that followed fast upon it.

"The leading part he took in many memorable events, that will be matter of record in the annals of his time, give assurance to the world, that he has not descended to the grave like common men, that are forgotten; but with a claim upon posterity for an after-trial, which, the longer it is postponed, the better chance it has to be impartially conducted and discussed; for though his country in particular, and enlightened Europe in general, are prepared to read his memoirs with avidity, few, very few, of those who have lived with him, are likely to give an unprejudiced delineation of Mr. Fox's character.

"Being so decidedly the champion of his party, he divided his contemporaries into partisans. Some became even factious in their idolatry, others were as violent in their dislike of him. To launch the vessel freighted with his reputation, upon a sea, that has not yet abated of its agitation from the struggle of two adverse tides, would be a perilous experiment. The intimate who witnessed the amenity of his temper, and the cordiality of his attachments, ought not to be intrusted with the pen of the biographer; as little could we rely upon him, who neither loved his person, nor approved of his politics. If it were the writer's object to expose his frailties, they were too prominent to escape his search; if he rather wished to dwell upon his brilliant qualities, they were too dazzling to be closely and minutely scanned.

"Who, that had enjoyed the partnership of his social hours, and been admitted to inspect his heart, would be so sturdy an enthusiast for impartiality, as to sacrifice all the feelings of friendship to the dignity of truth; and consent to degrade the dead, whom he reveres, for the sake of undeceiving the living, whom as his readers only he respects? From the man of the present time it is not to be expected. The page is yet unwritten, nay, the writer is most probably unborn, whose destiny it is to pass judgment on the life and character of Charles James Fox."

Where is he who will not feel something like indignation, after reading such passages as the above, when informed that the writer, who so eminently adorns the literature of his country, is suffered, in his last years, to look for compensation only from his personal exertions; neglected by that Government, whose interests he once honestly and actively supported? What a picture of himself does the following extract furnish!—

"I scorn," says Mr. Cumberland, "to disguise my disabilities; the reader won't learn much from me; *I shall not send him to his books, for I have none within my reach to resort to. I write upon an empty table, without authorities to aid me*; but I dictate what I write from honest motives to befriend the living, and not wrong the dead. How to execute that purpose I need no instruction: I have that within me, which requires no teacher."

The whole Review of Mr. Fox is admirable. It is the production of a mind conversant with the springs of human action, capable of penetrating into the recesses of character, and qualified to exhibit its discoveries for the benefit of others. Mr. Cumberland is the first man who has really reviewed Mr. Fox's History. Mr. Cumberland invites additional co-operation. Will this invitation be readily accepted? Mr. Cumberland has here two difficulties to overcome: he must first meet with writers whose names are of some esteem with the

public; and he has still to conquer the objection which, on this occasion, most of them will feel to being so made public.

Without insinuating unhandsome things against his critical coadjutors, it may be permitted me to wish, after reading the present reviews of Fox's History and Bishop Warburton's Letters, that Mr. Cumberland had written more of his London Review. "The majority of the friends," he confesses, "whose able contributions form a considerable portion of his pages, have occasionally lent their aid to other periodical publications." It is owing to this circumstance, one must suppose, that something very like the reviews of Walter Scott's Marmion and Cecil's Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, as these articles now appear in the London Review, likewise present themselves in Le Beau Monde and the Critical Review. Whether this suspicion be or be not grounded, I put it to Mr. Cumberland (who has a finely cultivated mind and the manners of a real gentleman), what *honor* the *London Review* can acquire by discussing the union of "*Gin* and *Methodism*," and asserting that among this portion of the religious world, "it is difficult to find a man or woman who does not either *chew tobacco*, or *take snuff*, or *swallow opium*, or *drink spirituous liquors*." There is something generally disgusting, as well as individually offensive, when the same reviewer tells us "of old maids who can by no means be persuaded that *the breath* of *Dr. Hawker* is half *so odoriferous*," &c. &c. Fie, Mr. Clarke, what has Dr. Hawker's breath to do with an account of Cecil's Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton? Let Mr. Cumberland, as Conductor of the London Review, not despise this friendly animadversion. It is not the mere circumstance of his giving publicity to the names of his critical coadjutors, that can exonerate himself from the burden of editorial responsibility. What he allows to appear in his review, he is supposed to approve; and I am sure that Mr. Cumberland would be the last man to make evasive distinctions between being the *editor* or the *conductor* of a periodical publication.

Neither must Mr. Cumberland take offence, if I just glance at the humiliating language in which he speaks of his own exertions. I cannot believe that he affects to depreciate himself; but I will say that, like the late Mr. Burke, he talks of disabilities which no one except himself can perceive. Does he not know, as Waller nobly observes, that

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and de-
"cay'd,
"Lets in new light through chinks which time
"has made."

Has he not lived, this Nestor of the Literati, till as Milton truly asserts, even

"Till old experience does attain
"To something like prophetic strain."

Nothing abated in energy, and much added to his experience, Mr. Cumberland, therefore, must not be permitted to abandon himself, for one instant, to imaginary disabilities. Rather let him exult, that "God hath given him a spirit;" and that "though with one foot in the grave, he can do his duty, and maintain his post to the last!"—As this is one of the great gifts which the world cannot bestow, so is it one which the world cannot take away.

Some few words more. Mr. Cumberland prides himself, and certainly it is matter of self-gratulation, that he has "no quarrel to adjust with any man."—Will he long be fairly able to exult in this particular? I fear, indeed, that he will not—unless he sacrifices honesty of criticism to consistency of character. The *attempt*, however, is worth making; and, the more I consider the *plan* of Mr. Cumberland's London Review, I become more and more solicitous to see its *effects* developed. Its plan, though not quite new, is in many respects original. Of the execution of this plan, I have now given some account; but I shall have occasion to enlarge upon it hereafter. I really wish this work all the success which its estimable conductor so fully anticipates.

February 20th, 1809. MENTOR.

COMMERCE.

TRUE commerce is founded on the principle of universal peace and good will among mankind: it consists in the mutual exchange of benefits: its resources are the produce of the world, and where those resources arise most abundantly, there is the spring head of that fountain that may flow in happiness or misery over the rest of the human race. If Britain, by an intercourse of probity, conciliates the confidence of other nations; if she surpasses them in those arts that render the gifts of nature more subservient to the convenience and happiness of man; if by courage, perseverance, and knowledge, she conducts a superior intercourse through all parts of the globe; and by the embellishments and virtues of civilization, wins savage people from their ferocity; if in this manner she claims and obtains the greatest share in the commerce of the universe,—then indeed is her splendour honourable,—then indeed may her merchants boast of her riches. But Peace, and Peace only, can protect such advantages: manufactures and arts, true science, probity and liberal intercourse cannot exist while war renders every sail suspicions, closes the marts, ravages and depopulates cities, extinguishes the ardour of honourable rivalry in the arts, and destroys civilization. A species of trade arises indeed amid the devastations of war: avarice greedily seizes upon the opportunity to increase the value of every necessary, to monopolize the sale of every useful commodity; to watch the wants of the state, and to become the cruel and destructive resourse of the national necessities. Hence what a numerous body of powerful wretches become candidates for war!—they reign—they supersede the constitution:—Liberty becomes a mockery, for they hold the very strength of political freedom in chains:—they contaminate the laws: they tread upon the poor with impunity, and make those nations, that once loved and revered us, shudder at the name of Britain!

Dion.

LOVE LETTERS!

ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC.

Epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill;
Or, charg'd with amorous sighs of absent swains!
COWPER'S 'TASK.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOVEL SERIES OF LE BEAU MONDE.

DEAR SIR,

I feel happy in having it in my power to perform the promise that I lately intimated to you, respecting the probability of my being able to obtain, for your use and behoof, several LOVE LETTERS, which I knew to be in existence; and which, at the present crisis, you considered would be peculiarly interesting. You may rely both upon the originality and authenticity of this amatory correspondence. The letters were written by a gentleman, who is now abroad, to a young lady with whom he was seriously enamoured, and from whose

confidant I lately procured them. As the parties are still living (though, in all probability, for ever separated), I have taken the liberty of suppressing names; and also of obliterating such allusions as, without benefiting the public, might painfully affect the feelings of two or three individuals.

Perhaps it will strike you, as it did me, that in the following amatory correspondence there is some coincidence, in point of time, between the sympathies of illustrious and unillustrious lovers; and that, as "kissing is the same all the world over," so love-writing has expressions common to all lovers, varied, however, by the dispositions and circumstances of the parties enamoured! Trusting that your readers may derive much pleasure from, and feel considerable interest in, my present amicable communication, believe me to remain,

Dear Sir,

Feb. 20, 1809. Your's faithfully,

*** I have placed the *Love Letters* chronologically.

Friday Morning, May 11, 1804.

MY DEAR EMILIA!

In the hope that this may reach you in the course of to-morrow, I take up my pen, not only to say how anxiously I have waited for the approaching Sunday, and how firmly I anticipate the gratification of seeing you on that day, but also to request that you will, if at all possible, meet me at *five o'clock*, instead of the hour at first proposed. May I be permitted to ask, as an additional favour on your part, that you will contrive to meet me in the path leading from ——————, and not as was before appointed?

Many circumstances induce me to urge the latter proposal. Wherever we are to ramble, I wish to avoid ——————, with whom we should be most likely to meet if in ——————. I also dislike *Sunday-company*; which, I think, we should find little of on the ******** side, where there are walks to which I am rather partial, and to which the presence of my dear Emilia could not fail to impart additional charms. When I am with you, it is with you, and you only, that I wish to be. Think kindly of him, Emilia! and never shall you have reason to regret the confidence which you repose in

Your affectionate

Friday morning, May 18, 1804.

CAN Emilia contrive to meet me on to-morrow evening, at half-past eight o'clock, in the walks leading from ———? Before that time, the Dear Girl will, perhaps, have made up her mind on the subject of our proposed excursion.

Monday, July 1*st*, 1804.

WHAT, my dear Emilia! what prevented you from seeing me yesterday? I hope it was not illness, vexation, or fatigue; for as to that thing we call *chance*, hitherto it has proved so truly auspicious to me, that I cannot bear to suspect it on the present occasion. *I am no longer to be disappointed*, but shall expect you to pass ———— at four o'clock, and chat for an hour or two with

Your

Friday, July 27*th*, 1804.

HOW anxious am I to meet my dear Emilia! She must forgive me then, if I cannot defer our interview even till to-morrow, and she must not be offended if on this day, escaped from the storm which seemed to threaten my happiness in this world, I wish the darkness of my fate to be entirely dissipated by her smiles! ———————— See me, my sweet Girl, as soon as you possibly can. If your ****** is sufficiently recovered to be able to forego your attentions to him, pray let me hear that I am to embrace you *early* in the afternoon.

Tuesday morning.

WELL, my dear Emilia, I am not the only one who does not attend to an appointment! I waited for you yesterday, spite of rain, in and about St. James's, as agreed on ———— last, till half past twelve o'clock: but, lo! *you did not appear*, at least to my bodily eyes. I often caught sight of you in imagination.

Thursday, half-past four o'clock.
May 2*d*, 1805.

TURN to the *volume* sent you, Emilia! *There* indeed will be found my sentiments respecting the questions you have asked; *there* will you discover something of the anguish I have so long cherished on your account. Judge, then, what were my feelings during the perusal of your letter? But regret comes too late, when it cannot remedy the misfortunes it deplores! If I know any thing of the human mind, there would be infinitely more cruelty

in desiring you not to love, than in assuring you that I am deeply attached to you—so much so, in truth, that I exult in your affection for me, even while I am agonised at the consequences it may produce. Since *we* are now at *confession*, you must not only *hear*, but *absolve* me also, my dear Emilia!

The secrets of your *heart*, which you have so candidly disclosed, shall be as honourably retained in *mine!* Sacred is the love of an amiable woman; it is a trust never to be violated. Oh! it is in vain to enquire, at this time, how we became attached; and what has preserved our mutual affection? Enough, that WE LOVE! Yes, WE LOVE! Still, my beloved Girl! still let me continue (if such I have been) the object of *your* daily solicitude, and of *your* nightly prayers! Confide (I repeat it) confide in

Your ever affectionate.

I shall endeavour to see you in the course of a day or two, till then, farewell!

Friday, May 17th, 1805.

HOW happy have you made me, my dear Emilia! by your conduct last night! Continue to perfect the hopes that you have inspired; and, I think, I shall at last become acquainted with the bliss to which I have long been a stranger, and which I believe it only in your power to impart. Surely, Emilia will find some gratification in communicating felicity to me: surely, she will not repent of the kindness she has begun to exert: surely, she cannot imagine me, even for a moment, unworthy of her *utmost* confidence. Heaven knows, how fervent are my prayers and my vows for *her*—with what an ardour have I so long cherished in my breast *her* loved remembrance-- and to Heaven I appeal! Oh, Emilia! you must be mine in the most endearing sense; never must another hope to enjoy those smiles I so fondly have claimed:---I cannot bear the thought!

Fix, at length, by your tenderness and skill, a wandering heart; but a heart that is at the same time tired of wandering, and panting for repose. Is not the task deserving your exertions? Will you feel no pride in accomplishing it?---Without this, expect never to see me otherwise than now---unsettled, inconstant, criminal, miserable! If you love me, or value your own peace, my sighs will not always be those of disappointment and anguish: if you love me, if you rightly estimate your own comfort, I shall soon exult in the possession of her whom I almost adore. Ah! do not now trifle with my soul.

What a condition have you embraced, by agreeing to see me whensoever I am not myself! Why, Emilia! if you are always to receive me when I feel unhappy, you will not only see me unpleasantly, but you will also see me *often* so, very often. However, much will in this particular depend on yourself, in whose power it will always be to assuage the agony of my feelings, if not entirely to subdue it.

*** It is permitted the Editor to make other Selections from this Amatory Correspondence; which, he can confidently pledge himself, are still more affecting than the specimens now submitted to attention. Knowing the quarter from which they come to him, he also pledges himself, he must repeat it, for the *originality* and *authenticity* of these *love letters*. They were really written under the circumstances they describe, and are now for the first time made public.

THE LYRE.

We give, in charge,
Their names to the sweet Lyre.———
COWPER.

FRANCES.

As, musing on life's checquer'd state,
I mark the evils of the way,
How weeps my soul thy bitter fate!
Sorrowing, methinks, I fondly say—
Take, Frances! from one friend sincere,
The honest wish, the heartfelt tear!

Distance and time, love's dreaded foes,
Vainly indeed, shall intervene;
Time shall but fairer paint thy woes,
Distance shall nothing change but scene:
Time, distance, to the friend sincere,
Frances! but make a friend more dear.

But brighter hours shall yet descend;
Heaven shall thy wounded spirit heal;
Serenely smiling on thy friend,
Truth shall our firm affection seal.
Yes, Frances! from one friend sincere,
E'en thou shalt hail joy's glistening tear!

Monday, Feb. 6, 1804. *OMA.*

EPIGRAMS.

THE TEA.—TO MRS. B—.

This stuff—pale, milkless, sugarless, and cold,
Is tea—were oft by Mrs. B***** told.
And faith it is;---but of more ancient sort
Than what is drunk in city or at court;
For 'tis the same which Eve, in cheerful dishes,
Sipt morn and evening with her friends the fishes.

THE SUPPER.----TO THE SAME.

Ma'am, when I saw your cloth for supper laid,
A wide expanse, with half a dozen eggs,
My craving stomach 'gan to be afraid,
Your guests were but to see some dancer's legs;
As dancers oft at shews, Ma'am, for a penny,
Trip among eggs, without e'er touching any.

DION.

PATRIOT STANZAS.

Be not dismay'd, IBERIA;---raise thy arm,
And hurl the bolt of Freedom 'gainst thy foe!
Freedom alone the tyrant can alarm---
Freedom alone shall mark his overthrow!

What time awakes the vengeance of the skies,
To smite th' oppressor from his blood-stain'd throne,
GOD bids the power of awful Freedom rise,
And trusts his thunder to her hand alone!

Was she not heard erewhile amid thy vales?
Above thy mountains stood not forth her form?
Spread not her standard with ethereal gales?
Roll'd not her dreadful war-shout on the storm?

Yes, as when morning o'er a tempest breaks,
While fearful crimson glows, and blasts resound,
And ocean fulgent, thro' his billows shakes,
And mist-cloth'd mountains seem'd to rock around.

So Freedom rose!---her beam-encircled spear
Smote, in electric shock, the trembling earth!
Wide spread th' electric shock----and haggard fear
Burst in the tyrant's shuddering sight to birth!

Pale and disturbed, upon his sanguine throne
He sat revolving vengeance, dark in mind:---
Erewhile, he claim'd the prostrate world his own;---
Now saw he Freedom's hands the world unbind.

Freedom he saw, IBERIA, throw his chains,
Scornful beyond thy bulwark mountains far:
Scornful, she threw them back on Gallia's plains!—
Gallia! whose madness mock'd her rising star!

Be not dismay'd, IBERIA; tho' despair
Call forth the writhing monster's furious ire:---
Be not dismay'd, tho' Slavery's hell-born glare,
Around him spread in wide consuming fire.

Freedom is thine!----his fearful course she views---
As when the eagle, watchful of his prey,
With eager ken its every track pursues,
Then darts, impetuous, thro' the realms of day!

DION.

SONNET.

BY THOMAS NOBLE.—1800.

My soul awakes,---the dream of love is o'er,---
The long excluded world again appears:
Pride's thrilling mandates, misery's suppliant tears,
The grasp of Av'rice stretch'd from shore to shore,---
Climes which Ambition's feet imprint with gore,
Amaze my long-clos'd eyes and deafen'd ears,
And love-worn energies with faint infantile fears!
Would I could dream again!--Alas, 'tis gone!
*****!---That name the muse no longer knows,
Which real transport, soft ideal woes,
Would in suspended cadence rest upon,
With length'ning notes, what time the vision shone
Brightest,---and choirs of ecstacies arose:
But ah! 'tis gone!----Care calls----and mist-wrought morning glows!

EPITAPH

FOR A BULLFINCH OF MISS ANNE N....'S.

If wither'd hopes, if joys untimely fled,
Have claim to grief,—then weep for Bully, dead!
And tho' no "storied urn" his grave shall shew,
Tho' weep no friends in "mockery of woe,"
The humble violet and the primrose pale
Shall mark the spot, and tell the piteous tale.
His monument---the tear from Beauty's eye;
His dirge---Oh, Innocence! thy softest sigh:
Such funeral honours Bully's corpse await,
Worlds could not purchase for the rich or great;---
Honours (poor bird!) denied to envious man!
To live belov'd---lamented die—.by *Anne*.

H.

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
Or rhime, or scrawl, or scribble, to a man!—

POPE.

The Times: an Ode, at the Commencement of the year 1809. *By Joseph Blacket, p.* 16.

AS the following note introduced Mr. Blacket to the Editor of LE BEAU MONDE, and as the publication of it may be serviceable to that poet, without any breach of gentlemanly confidence between Mr. Pratt and the Editor, (to the former of whom this ode on 'The Times' is dedicated), we are induced to give Mr. Blacket the full advantages of Mr. Pratt's introduction, by recording it among our critical opinions.

MR. PRATT'S NOTE.

"Mr. Pratt, presents his compliments to the Editor of the BEAU MONDE. Independent on any compliments paid to Mr. P. in the dedication, which he wholly detatches from the subject of the poem and its merits, it is with great pleasure he becomes the medium of the enclosure, which he cannot but think, gives promise of opening *genius* in the strict acceptation of the word, from whence may be derived in the day of maturer judgment and experience, some of those *genuine* productions of the mind and imagination, of which, the true genuine critic is, at once, the best judge and patron.—Mr. P. has the pleasure to add, that upon enquiry, this child of nature is not less remarkable for the goodness of his heart, than that of his head; and that since the publication of the little poem sent herewith, he has seen some dramatic sketches in MSS. which give prospect of far greater mental energy, wanting only time and experience."

Now, if the reader of Mr. Pratt's note should be, as one may imagine he will be, rather solicitous to ascertain the immediate stimulus to that gentleman's amicable interference, this can only be explained by presenting, at the same time,

MR. BLACKET'S DEDICATION.

TO MR. PRATT.

"SIR—Perhaps no one is more at a loss how to apologize than the obscure individual, whose temerity prompts him, without asking permission, to present to laurelled merit and well-earned reputation the weak effusions of poetic fancy. However, though such a conduct may be highly reprehensible, one thing may, with propriety, be urged in its defence.—To whom

can the humble candidate for literary fame look up to for protection. but to those who know where to bestow it? And though a mean poet, labouring under every disadvantage of youth, inexperience, and a lowly situation, may have the rashness to dedicate a trifle to exalted genius, yet, believe me, Sir, it is not without considerable apprehension of giving offence. A stranger to the public, unknown of the muse, and unacqnainted with the world, the author of this poem fearfully looks round, surveys the republic of letters with visible trepidation, and, selecting one, whose patronage, fearing a repulse, he dreads to solicit, inscribes to that one his work; hoping, nevertheless, that amongst his other qualities will be found—LENITY:—a virtue allied to philanthropy. Thus, Sir, with the humblest diffidence, have I presumed to introduce to you, and a like generous public, the following Ode, if it may dare to assume that name; cherishing, with hope, the idea, that it will meet with your approbation and kind acceptance. And, though I am fully aware there is nothing prepossessing in the language, yet I trust the subject is such as to be approved by every Briton: nor do I think the sublimer bards of genuine fancy, whose pens, like Mr. Pratt's,* have been employed with patriotic ardour, in the sacred cause of Liberty, will censure, with too much severity, the juvenile attempt of an unlettered self-tutored youth, or unfeelingly condemn the feeble efforts of a muse, whose humble lyre is proudly strung to patriotism.

"I am, Sir,
"With the profoundest respect,
"Your most obedient
"And devoted servant,
"JOSEPH BLACKET."

"*Jan.* 1, 1809."

SPECIMENS OF 'THE TIMES.'

Ere Order's bright and beauteous face
Illum'd the bosom of the drear profound,
Throughout the vast vacuity of space,
Confusion reign'd, and Horror grimly frown'd;
But when Creation's father spoke,
Old Chaos saw, with wild affright,
The gloom subdued of tenfold night,
As through the murky darkness broke
The orient beam of vivifying light.

To warm the desolated waste,
And cheer the drooping swain,
To speed the rigid season on its way,
And raise the buried grain;
From Nature's frowning face
The powers of Frost to chace,
Bid ev'ning sip,
With eager lip,
The exhalations of the rosy day,
Full in the front of Heav'n, the radiant Orb was plac'd.

— — — — — — —
— — — — — — —

Burn on, fair Sun, in splendor bright,
And on Hispania's rocky shore,
Attend the Patriots to the fiight,
Nor set, till Vengeance cries aloud,
"Ambition festers in his gory shroud,
"To tyrannize and subjugate no more."
Yes, yes, blaze on—and through the gallant bands
Diffuse heroic heav'n-directed fire;
Inspire the bosoms of the just and brave
With love of liberty and hallow'd ire,
That with united hearts and hands
They may, from Gallia's frontless brow,
The laurels tear—lay her proud eagle low,
Then, till the fabric of the world
Be all in conflagration hurl'd,
Alike subdue the tyrant and abhor the slave.

What our readers will think of this Ode on 'The Times,' from the samples of it which we have laid before them, we pretend not to anticipate.

A new System of Domestic Cookery, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the use of Private Families.—By a Lady.

Cookery and economy!! We love good *cookery*; for, well are we aware of the adage, that "God sends meat but the Devil sends cooks!" And so much do we respect *economy*, both from its utility and necessity, that we can most truly apostrophise her, exclaiming, in the language of Shenstone,—

Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien,
Furrowed with age and care, the wise adore,
The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores
To cheer thy friends at last! Why with the cit,
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
And shunning all, who, by thy favours crown'd,
Might glad the world!

It will not be expected, after what has now been promised, that the present *System of Do-*

* The CONTRAST; including comparative Views of France, Spain, and Great Britain, lately published.

mestic Cookery bears any resemblance to the very celebrated *L'Almanach des Gourmands.* As to cookery being here systematised, this is the age of systems; and it was therefore proper that cookery, as well as divinity, should assume some system. Happy, indeed, to see any attempt made to revive the good old fashion of housewifery, and render our *women*,—what by nature they were designed to be!—*helpmates*, in their *proper circle of action*, to men, we bestow our voluntary approbation upon this 'Lady's new System of Domestic Cookery.' Let us yet hope to witness the time when our young ladies will know as much of pickles as of pianos; and attend to cooking, as well as to dressing!

An Address to the Public upon the Dangerous Tendency of the 'London Female Penitentiary;" with hints relative to the Best Means of Lessening the sum of Prostitution.—By William Hale.

Mr. Hale's one attack has already produced four defences of the London Female Penitentiary!!!! He is therefore to be considered as no contemptible assailant of that institution.

"The great mass of prostitutes," says Mr. Hale, "whatever may be their outward appearance, are mostly composed of women, who were once in servitude. And I would here observe, that in this luxurious age, there is a growing evil which the public in general feel, and lament;—I allude to the vain, coquettish dress of female servants, accompanied with that levity, which those who know the deceitfulness of the human heart, must bitterly deplore. Many of these domestics possess but indifferent characters, a great part of their time is spent in idleness, and their circle of acquaintance with each other, is much more extensive than their employers suspect:—thus situated, exposed to many temptations, at a period of life the most critical,—the slender barriers that guard their virtue, are the fear of perpetual disgrace and punishment: remove but these feeble fences, and hundreds will fall an easy prey to seduction, and at last resort to prostitution for a maintenance.

"Should any object to this inference as applicable to the London Female Penitentiary, I would further observe, that at present it is but in its infant state, and that the effects of its influence upon the morals of society, will soon begin to unfold themselves, in proportion to the magnitude of this hazardous experiment upon human nature. When the period of probation terminates, and these unfortunate women leave the asylum, they are to be placed in "safe and respectable situations;"—but it will be impossible to conceal their former course of life, at least from the knowledge of female servants, who live in the neighbourhood. The facility with which they can communicate and retail the occurrences which most interest their curiosity, is beyond all belief; and we may naturally suppose, that every character who comes amongst them of this description, will be the subject of general conversation. The baneful effects of this institution will then begin to operate, and, like slow but sure poison, it will tend to harden their consciences, and make them think lighter of that sin, to which by constitution, as well as depravity, they are most exposed. Those female domestics, whose critical situation I have just depicted, who are only kept from destruction by one feeble fence, the dread of shame and punishment, will then have exhibited to their view, *a new scene*;—they will behold those that have been the most abandoned prostitutes, placed in "safe and respectable situations in society;"—they will know that *no punishment was annexed to their crime*;—they will see that they are noticed by ladies of the first respectability; and that, independant of their usual wages, they meet with that kind attention, and those "*pecuniary rewards*," which the preservation of their own virtue has never been honored with!—What an advantage is thus given to the great adversary of souls, who said to our first parent, "Ye shall not surely die; but in the day ye eat thereof, ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

"But the evils arising from the baneful influence of this institution, will extend themselves far beyond that class of female domestics, I have now so particularly alluded to:—in this metropolis there are many thousands of women, that live with men upon dishonourable terms, and when, from the various casualties that are connected with human life, they can no longer derive their support from those, with whom they have so unlawfully cohabited, they often find it very difficult (however desirous), to procure an honourable maintenance:—thus situated, many of them descend into the sinks of prostitution; and it cannot be doubted, but that the numbers of this description will much increase, when they *know*, that this downward path, will lead them to become successful candidates, to gain a "prompt admission" to that asylum, which will insure to them, their being placed in "safe and respectable situations in life;" there to meet with those kind attentions,

and "*pecuniary rewards*," which their *less depraved conduct* would have placed for ever beyond their reach!" Mr. Hale favours us with some curious explication of the observation made by Jesus Christ to the Woman taken in the act of Adultery.

This 'Address' is well written, and is creditable to the writer's understanding; but, we think, he sometimes suffers his argument to get the better of his humanity. Mr. Hale is evidently among the number of those who think it well, with the author of 'The Task,' that

Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
Not to be passed; and *she that had renounced*
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it,—not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif
Desirous to return, and not received,
But '*twas a wholesome rigour in the main*:
And taught the unblemished to preserve, with care,
That purity whose loss was loss of all!

We are concerned that we cannot now conveniently notice any of the Answerers to Mr. Hale's Address.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company!—
WALLER.

JOHN ANDREWS, L.L.D.---This gentleman, who died at Kennington on the 22d of last January, was extensively known in the literary world, as an active and laborious writer. His latter days, however, were by no means answerable to his early expectations. He was the author of one volume on French and English Ladies, and the compiler of what was called his History of the American War. He wrote various other books, of which the recollection is by no means important. He felt, it is to be feared, the reality of *Mors acerba*, without being authorised to console himself with the assurance of *fama perpetua*.

JAMES SMITH BARR, Esq.---He was the translator of Buffon's Natural History, and author of some original productions. His talents, though considerable, were his lesser praise. His integrity reflected lustre on his ability; and, as his worth was fully appreciated, his death will long be lamented by those to whom he was really known.

LAWRENCE DUNDAS CAMPBELL, Esq.---This gentleman died, February the 6th, at his house in Charles-street, near Berkeley-square. He was projector and editor of the Asiatic Annual Register, and author of several publications respecting East India affairs. He possessed very considerable abilities, great intelligence, and had perfectly mastered the subjects which he undertook to elucidate.

NOVELTIES OF LITERATURE.

Still 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write—we bring forth nothing new.
COWPER.

Mr. Park's edition of '*Warton's History of English Poetry*,' is in a state of great forwardness. The Editor's plan is not only to revise both text and notes, and free the extracts from the charge of inaccuracy to which they have hitherto been subjected, but also to supply a continuation in futherance of Mr. Warton's plan.

The very copious annotations on Warton's History, by the late learned antiquary, the

Rev. George Ashby, together with various manuscript observations left by that acute critic, Mr. Ritson, are in the hands of the present editor; and, so far as the purposes of correction and illustration can be served, will be appended to the notes of Mr. Warton.

A new Translation of Madame de Grafigny's 'Letters of a Peruvian Princess,' by Mr. Mudford, is in the press, and will be published in a few days.

In this translation it has been attempted to transfuse more of the manner and genius of the author than has been accomplished by former versions. They will contain, as a sequel, the *Letters of Aza*, now first ascribed, by Mr. Mudford, to *Ignatius Hungari de la Marche Courmont*, of whom a short biographical memoir is given, as also a *Life of Madame de Grafigny*.

There is preparing, *by W. H. Reid*, another edition of the '*Beauties of Blair*.' Any eulogy on the writings of Dr. Hugh Blair is perfectly superfluous; and the present Manual, we understand, is perfectly worthy of the works from which it is composed.

Agreeably to the Prospectus issued some months ago, an edition of the '*Practical Works*' of the celebrious *Rev. Richard Baxter*, in sixteen octavo volumes, is now nearly ready for publication. The following printed 'Testimonies' in favour of the Author, we think are so curious as to merit our attention.

TESTIMONIES.

Mr. Baxter came nearer to the apostolical inspired writers than any man of his age.

MANTON.

Mr. Baxter cultivated every subject he handled: and if he had lived in the primitive times, he had been one of the Fathers of the Church.---It was enough for one age to produce such a person. BP. WILKINS.

His books of Practical Divinity have been effectual for more numerous conversions of sinners to God, than any printed in our time; and while the church remains on earth, will be of continual efficacy to recover lost souls. There is a vigorous pulse in them that keeps the reader awake and attentive. BATES.

His Practical Writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom refuted.

BARROW.

He was the fittest man in the age for a casuist, because he feared no man's displeasure, nor hoped for any man's preferment. BOYLE.

Baxter was a man of great piety; had a very moving and pathetic way of writing; and was his whole life long a man of great zeal and much simplicity. BP. BURNET.

Richard Baxter was a man famous for weakness of body and strength of mind; for having the strongest sense of religion himself, and exciting a sense of it in the thoughtless and profligate; for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other Nonconformist of his age. He spoke, disputed, and wrote with ease; and discovered the same intrepidity, when he reproved Cromwell, and expostulated with Charles II. as when he preached to a congregation of mechanics. His zeal for religion was extraordinary, but it seems never to have prompted him to faction, or carried him to enthusiasm. This champion of the Presbyterians was the common butt of men of every other religion, and of those who were of no religion at all. But this had very little effect upon him; his presence and firmness of mind on no occasion forsook him. He was just the same man before he went into a prison, while he was in it, and when he came out of it; and he maintained an uniformity of character in the last gasp of his life. His enemies have placed him in hell; but every man who has not ten times the bigotry that Mr. Baxter himself had, must conclude that he is in a better place. This is a very faint and imperfect sketch of Mr. Baxter's character; men of his size are not to be drawn in miniature.

GRANGER.

Baxter is my particular favourite. It is impossible to tell you how much I am charmed with the devotion, good sense, and pathos, which is every where to be found in him. I cannot forbear looking upon him as one of the greatest orators, both with regard to copiousness, acuteness, and energy, that our nation hath produced; and if he hath described, as I believe, the temper of his own heart, he appears to have been so far superior to the generality of those whom we charitably hope to be good men, that one would imagine God raised him up to disgrace and condemn his brethren; to shew what a Christian is, and how few in the world deserve that character.

DODDRIDGE.

By what I have read of him, where he is quiet, and not ruffled by controversy, he appears to me, notwithstanding some mistakes, to have been one of the greatest men of his age; and, perhaps, in fervour, spirituality, and success, more than equal, both as a minister, and a christian, to some twenty taken together, of those who affect to undervalue him in the pre-

sent day. There is a spirit in some passages of his Saints' Rest, his Dying Thoughts, and other of his practical treatises, compared with which, many modern compositions, though well written, and well meant, appear to me to a great disadvantage. JOHN NEWTON.

As an useful writer, as well as a successful controversialist, Mr. Baxter has deservedly ranked in the highest order of the Divines of the seventeenth century. His works have done more to improve the understanding, and mend the hearts of his countrymen, than those of any other writer of his age. While the English language remains, and Scriptural Christianity and piety to God are regarded, his works will not cease to be read and prized by the wise and pious of every denomination.

ADAM CLARKE.

FINE ARTS.

British Remains.

Let laurels, drench'd in pure parnassian dews,
Reward his memory—dear to every muse!—
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honor's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws;
And, will prevail—or perish—in her cause!

COWPER.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

IT seems destined for the most illustrious of our modern generals to conclude their glorious career in countries distant from their own, and to entrust their remains to the lands of strangers. While we rear monuments to their memory, we are denied the solemn privilege of sacredly preserving the last vestiges of their humanity! If the spirit be present with us, still the body is absent. We can secure the sad relics of a Nelson; but those of an Abercrombie, or a Moore, are consigned to the custody of their enemies.

Grave!—the guardian of their dust!
Grave!—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests again, in hope, to rise?

MONTGOMERY.

How fair was the course, how bright the close, of the career of Abercrombie! His honourable activity was recompensed with unfading glory. A life exhausted in the most arduous services to his country, and pure from even the suspicion of unworthiness, was, after being happily protracted to the full limits generally allotted to human existence, meritoriously yielded up, an acceptable sacrifice, on the holy altar of patriotism. Beloved by his compatriots, idolized by his soldiers, and respected by his enemies, it was the enviable destiny of Sir Ralph Abercrombie to expire in the arms of glory, and at the moment of victory! He fell, as it will be remembered, in the Battle of Alexandria; and his body was afterwards removed from Egypt to Malta, where it is now interred. He was succeeded in command by the present Lord Hutchinson.

Excepting the recollection of his military character, the present Monument, erected by the vote of Parliament, in grateful acknowledgment of his public services, is all that remains to us of the immortal Abercrombie. What an illustrious depositary, however, will our metropolitan cathedral one day offer to contemplation! A revolution, if so it may be termed, has now taken effect as to the place in which we are to rear the sepulchral memorials of

Monument to Sir Ralph Abercrombie;
Erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Westmacott fecit. Woolnoth sculp.

Published by Bell & De Camp, 11, Catherine Str. Strand, Mar. 1, 1809.

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British Worthies; and many of these memorials, it is also to be remarked, have already arisen out of the most eventful revolution of the modern ages. The Cathedral of Saint Paul seems more than likely to vie with the Abbey-Church of Saint Peter. If the latter treasures the remembrance of the great men of the old age, the former will preserve the fame of the great men of the new age; and, if Westminster Abbey, among some intrinsically eminent personages, records the names of numbers who were indebted to others for their apparent importance in society,—perhaps it is destined for St. Paul's to swell the catalogue of those, not less to be distinguished characters, who appear to owe their individual magnificence to their personal superiority!

Mr. Westmacott, the artist to whom the execution of the MONUMENT TO GENERAL SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE (which is shortly to be opened, for public inspection, in St. Paul's Cathedral), has been entrusted, will acquire considerable reputation from this exertion of his abilities. He judiciously selected the most affecting incident in the fate of his hero, for the display of his own powers. Mr. Westmacott has chosen, for this purpose, the exact instant of time when General Abercrombie, after receiving his death wound, no longer able to support himself, is sustained by one of his soldiers. The face of the General possesses actual likeness; and the figure of the Highlander, by whom his body is supported, is highly impressive. Here is the sublime effect of the present sculptural composition. The slain man, however, greatly heightens the feelings of the spectator. This object, so natural in the circumstances intended to be commemorated by the monument, is very properly introduced, and is admirably disposed.

So far from objecting to the practice of representing modern persons in modern attire, which reason requires and custom sanctions, we formerly expressed our approbation of this conduct by the rising race of artists. We must nevertheless regret that, in the present instance, such practice entirely deprives us of those picturesque appearances, which embellish and dignify the monumental achievements of antiquity.

RECORDS OF FASHION.

Humanity to grief would give the rule;
But stronger reason sides with Ridicule.—
ANON.

AS yet in its commencement, the SEASON of FASHION affords little to interest or amuse the votaries of elegant pleasures. Hyde Park, the promenade of our metropolis, is the only fashionable rendezvous, where, amidst the gaiety of confusion, once in one long week, every body may meet every body, and nobody see anybody! Happily for the town, and even for our conversationes, the Conflagration of Drury-lane Theatre comes to relieve us from talking of the Criminations of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke.

Spring does not diffuse her benign influence through the veins of our beauteous countrywomen! Cautious of her smiles, they still hesitate to commit their charms to her mercy; and, excepting some few eccentrics among them, they remain carefully fortified in cloaks and coats and pelisses. The humble suitors for their favours, yclep'd men, are quite as winterly disposed. Our gaiety is still without sprightliness, our amusements still participate of sombreousness.

CHIT CHAT.

MISTRESS CLARKE.

IT is not very many years since every body talked of Mistress Rudd. Within these few years every body was talking of Mistress Phippoe. Every body is now talking of Mistress Clarke. 'Tis the nine days' wonder! Every body is therefore wondering what will be the end of the wonder.

"Has she been promised a pension from Bonaparte?" whispered one of your significant politicians, shrugging his shoulders, and lamenting how much her protracted examination must interfere with the interests of the country, at this momentous crisis. The thought had never struck me till now. 'Twas full of cogitation. "Why, let me see," said I, "there may be something in that idea." Aye, they begin again to talk of Jacobin Conspiracies; and, who knows—who knows—who knows (thought I) what that child and Champion of Jacobinism, as the late William Pitt called the present Emperor Napoleon, who knows (thought I) what pranks this universal intriguant may now be playing with us?—He knows the political, as well as the physical, utility of the sex. Yes; and he knows that

"Since Adam, by his facil consort Eve,
"Lost Paradise"—

Bonaparte knows, I say, that woman is still the instrument of *wo*—to—*man!*—Think of Mrs. Eve and Mrs. Potipher, and Mrs. Jezebel, and Mrs. Dalila, "of old;" and, sequently, of Mrs. Helen, and Mrs. Cleopatra, and Mrs. Herod, and ———? I say nothing of later times.

Is not mischief the natural element of woman? Like her first seducer, she may indeed assume the appearance of an angel of light, but 'tis to beguile more surely! Men, however, still call her an "adored angel," without remembering, as Mr. Garrow wisely observed, that she is also a "fallen angel."

When *Mr. Secretary Canning* is ridiculing *opinions* because, as the newspapers state him to have said, they were "*nursed in solitude*," does he not recollect that the effusions of solitude have produced the most astonishing revolutions in society?—Has he forgotten the Prophets of the Jewish Church and the Monks of the Romish Church? Knows he nothing of an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Cato, a Brutus, a Demosthenes, a Cicero? Has he obliterated from his mind the History of Mahomet, the Reformation of the Christian Religion, the Encyclopedists of modern France, the writings of Burke, or Thomas Paine's Rights of Man? Lastly, indeed, is *Secretary Canning* still unacquainted with the formation of the character of that *Napoleon Bonaparte* against whose progress the utmost efforts of his genius and that of his country, are at this moment exerted? "C'est ordinairement *dans le calme de l'obscurite*," says the author of 'Memorial de la Vie de Bonaparte," commenting on the temper of his hero, "*que se forment les grandes ames.*" Laugh as we may at such solitary character, we shall find, perhaps too seriously, that, as Waller said of Oliver Cromwell,

The world from India to the frozen North,
is deeply
Concern'd in what their solitude brings forth!

Himself poetically gifted, it cannot have escaped Mr. Canning, that Milton, delineating one of the noblest beings with which his muse was conversant, describes even the SON OF GOD as saying

When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good: myself I thought
Born to that end——

Our *dashing Cyprians* express the greatest astonishment at finding "*extravagance*" one of the charges preferred against *Mrs. Clarke*. It is perfectly understood, they say, that with them "*protection has its price*;" and that *Cupid*, in the modern sense, is synonymous with *Gold!* If, however, it should be decided on the contrary, "*relative situations*," they declare, would be no longer objects of their ambition.

If you design to regain *a friend* and conciliate *an enemy*, you have only to *reproach* the first and *insult* the last! Such, at least, appears to be one of the discoveries in *modern Diplomacy*. Neither *Alexander* or

Napoleon, it should be remarked, can be brought to comprehend this mystery.—"All's Well that Ends Well."

If the *House of Commons* should determine to go to school again, *Mr. Fuller*, it is said, is to be appointed the *Dr. Busby* of our Senatorial Seminary! He wishes to have all the "poor creatures" well "whipped."

Although *Sir Arthur Paget* married *Lady Borringdon* almost the instant Lord Borringdon's Divorce Bill obtained the Royal Assent, still, it is understood, he had *looked* before he *leaped!*

Since the investigation of the *state of the nation* does not preclude every possible attention to the *state of the stomach*, our *political parties* have already commenced their "*carnivorous*" *operations!* Nothing can be settled without *speeches*, and *eating* is found to be highly conducive to *speaking*. Wonderful is the connection between gluttony and oratory.

Mrs. Clarke has shewn the *value* she feels for *royally*, in having *sold*, at the sale of her effects in Gloucester-Place, "*a Miniature of the Queen*, set round with diamonds!!" So much for that "relative situation," in which, as Pope bitterly describes it, one has no alternative but to be either

Po——'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate!

It is supposed *Mr. Yorke* has been misunderstood on the subject of "*putting down Jacobinism*;" and that, far from intending the remotest allusion to any description of persons in this country, his resentment was expressly directed against *Bonaparte*, whom Mr. Pitt described as "the child and *champion of Jacobinism!*" Our patriotic readers will, we think, thank us for this explanation.

As one immediate result of the *Victory of Vimiera*, and as some little compensation for the assistance we then extended to our ancient and most faithful ally, we are to be favoured with an importation of *Portuguese Performers!*—Might not these personages have been forwarded to the Brazils, as Bonaparte once dispatched his Players to Egypt, for the amusement of their own countrymen? It is thus, however, that we seem contented to settle the public ledger. London is the best place in the world; but, they are supposed to manage such things better at Paris.

Those who delight in discovering "Secrets Worth Knowing," have, at the trifling expence of five shillings, been gratified by listening to *Dr. Senate's* Lecture, delivered in Brewer Street, near Golden Square, to an intelligent *assemblage of both sexes*, in which the "*Theory of Human Generation*" was properly "*investigated* and *explained!*" Doctor Senate's illustrations are said to have been perfectly intelligible, his positions irresistable, and his experiments highly satisfactory.

A wit was asked what he thought of *Bonaparte's* sentiments respecting *Religious Toleration*, as proclaimed in the Twenty-sixth Bulletin of his Army of Spain?—"Why," retorted the wit, "I say with one of our most celebrated living poets, that

"I reverence *Scripture* even from *Satan's* tongue!"

Four-in-hand is now the order of the day. It is thus, at any rate, that they manage these things at *York*.

Hyde-Park, among other lively displays, recently exhibited *Mrs. Clarke on the Drive* and the *Duke of York in the Ride*. His Royal Highness, however, seemed on this occasion contented with a *distant view* of his late Dulcinea! There were no symptoms of that species of attraction which usually produces approximation.

Mum.

POPULAR PLEASURES.

Taste, that eternal wanderer! that flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.—
POPE.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WE have yet to notice a piece, whose fate, if there be any thing in omens, seems to have been ominous of that of the theatre itself.

Thursday (February 23d) evening last, being the one preceding the evening on which Drury-lane Theatre was destroyed, was performed, *for the first and last time*, an opera, entitled 'The Circassian Bride,' the production of Mr. Ward, was brought forward at the late Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

It has frequently been our lot to point out nonsense dressed either in a comic or melo-dramatic vest, but on Thursday last it shone forth in all the splendour of scenery, supported by the captivating strains, of sometimes beautiful melody; and intruded itself so impudently, on the public notice, as to seem to court that fate, to which nonsense is always entitled, but which it seldom meets, damnation. The plot of this opera is too trifling to require a minute description; and it unfolds itself so badly, as to lead us through a maze of improbabilities, from which there is no issue. *Alexis*, a Circassian hero, is about to marry *Erminia*, when *Rhindax*, his countryman and his rival, repairs to *Usberg*, the Khan, his country's foe, and after obtaining from him a promise of *Erminia*'s hand, when in his power, betrays his friends, who suddenly attacked through his treachery, fall into the Tartar's hands, except *Alexis*. The Khan falls in love with *Erminia*, and orders *Rhindax* to fly from his presence, as a traitor. Disappointed in his expectations, the latter vows vengeance against him, and resolves to free those whom he has caused to be enslaved. Assisted by two English sailors, *Ben Blunt* and *Tom Tarfrel*, whom the author has contrived to bring for very wise purposes to Circassia, with *Rachel* an Englishwoman. *Alexis*, who seems to have lost his wits, now suffers himself to be taken prisoner, in order to *be more at liberty* to relieve his captive bride. He then escapes through the bravery of *Ben Blunt*, then returns disguised as a blind minstrel attended by *Tom Tarfrel*, deceives the Khan, who wishes him to soothe *Ermina* into compliance to his wishes, by his melody, but locks him by himself in an apartment from which he again escapes through the means of *Ben Blunt*, who has climbed up the window. He assumes a different disguise, and at last penetrates into his bride's presence, when he immediately sings so loud, as to attract the Khan's attention. *Alexis* runs away, the Khan enquires whose voice it was he heard, the lady declares it to be hers, but he tells her in polite terms that she lies, orders the apartments to be searched, and *Erminia* to be led to execution. We then attend her to the fatal spot, where *Alexis* still disguised and unsuspected makes his appearance. The Khan cries out "dispatch" to the executioner, with a Blue-beardian accent, when the lady whilst kneeling in expectation of the blow, begins a long and difficult song, which is no sooner closed than the word "dispatch," is repeated, the executioner raises his sword, but *Alexis* rushes forward and stops his arm. The Khan tells him that the only way to save her life is to give up *Alexis*, who then discovers himself. A tumult is heard; the Khan is told that the Circassians are approaching, and goes to meet them, declaring that if he be worsted in the fight, his prisoners must die. The two lovers then amuse themselves with singing together "welcome despair," till the fatal order comes, and is about to be obeyed when *Rhindax* rushes forward at the head of the Circassians, and saves them from their cruel end.

The language and songs of this opera, are not calculated to make us forget its deficiency in plot and interest. Clap traps abound in it more plenteously than in any other dramatic production we ever saw. But they have lost their relish, and we were glad to perceive, have rather become nauseous; for no sooner did any word prepare the mind for the ap-

proach, of one of those formerly powerful spells, than loud hisses burst forth, and attended it to its close. The greatest novelty in this opera is a Tartar city, filled with palaces, some in the Grecian taste, and some in the sumptuous style of eastern architecture. We had read that the Tartars who live on plunder, had no fixed dwellings, but pitched their tents wherever the country afforded food for their horses, and opportunities of pillaging, for their valour. To Mr. Ward, therefore, we are indebted for this important information, relative to the way of living of that once wandering people.

Although Messrs. Braham, I. Smith, Bannister, and Mathews, and Mesds. Mountain, Bland, and Miss Lyon, appeared in behalf of this culprit, and exerted all their abilities in melodious supplications to soften its sentence; the public found it had too deeply injured common sense to be forgiven, and with incessant hisses and cries of off! off! doomed it to instant death. The Managers, however, seemed bent on its success, for they announced it for a second representation on Saturday night, but the dreadful conflagration that has reduced their magnificent theatre to ashes, has also prevented them from committing an act of unparralleled impudence. We lament their misfortune, but hope that good will ensue from it; that when that structure shall have been raised again, they will not suffer it to become a shelter for every idle production of folly and ignorance, and we would also advise the Managers of both Theatres to frame such regulations, when they are rebuilt, as to prevent their affording an asylum to the minions of vice and debauchery.

Having deviated from the chronology of our criticism, for the purpose of introducing the account of the last piece acted at the late Theatre, we have now to notice Mr. Wright, in '*Cato*;' who made his second debut (Monday February the 6th.) at Drury-lane. He is from Edinburgh, where he had been tutored by the celebrated Mr. Hough.

The tragedy of 'Cato' possesses few claims to admiration on the stage. It is one of our closet tragedies. Addison prided himself upon it from party considerations, and with respect to its literary composition, rather than on its dramatic character. It was the order of the day, and it had its day.

'Cato' is full of forced and declamatory sentiments, which are sometimes as ludicrous as unnatural. Consider the disguise of *Sempronius*, who assumes the attire of the *Numidian Prince Juba*, without assuming his tawny complexion, and yet, though most unlike that young warrior, deceives his guards and his mistress. The ridicule of this character, was felt by the whole house, for when *Sempronius* falls by the sword of *Juba*, and in the agonies of rage exclaimed, "I'll grow distracted," a general laugh attended with hisses burst from every part. Had the shade of the mighty Dennis, who so justly and severely criticised this tragedy on its first appearance, been hovering round the stage at that moment, how it would have exulted. The judgment of the Managers, has however, by allowing a change of scenery obviated one of his chief objections, and increased the probability of the piece.

Had Mr. Wright appeared on the *French* stage, he would have won rapturous admiration, for he can rant and gesticulate with as much unnatural bombast of voice and action, as any performer on the Parisian Theatres. Mr. Wright's gruff thunders and awkward and too multiplied gestures, inspired us rather with disgust than approbation. His countenance possesses no dignity; its expression is rather ludicrous, and all the time his performance lasted, we could not help recollecting that one of our best comic actors, Mr. Liston, made his first appearance in tragedy, and was at last wise enough to listen to the voice of reason and quit a path which would never have led him to fame, for another, through which he has attained a highly deserved height of renown. As though desirous to show us that the length of his arms equalled that of his body, Mr. Wright incessantly spread them open to their full extent, in a straight line, bending his chest a little forward. He then looked exactly, as if he was about attempting to fly without wings. At other times, he raised them over his head, or fixed them both on his hips, in a manner equally ludicrous and unnatural. In order to add elegance to his deportment, he stiffened his knee joints, so that his legs and thighs seemed all of a piece, then wrapping his red mantle round his body, he strutted off the stage.

We have been thus severe on what we conceive to be Mr. Wright's chief defects, because they are such, as exertion can amend. It is certainly in his power to check the agility of his arms, and to allow his knees to use their wonted pliability. His voice which he constantly strains by unnatural bursts into an unpleasant hoarseness, he can soften, as he has proved in some passages, into melody; and as a few timely hisses induced him to reduce the

luxuriancy of his gesticulations, we hope that a few true, though severe, remarks, will lead him to still greater improvements. He seems in general to have formed a just conception of the character. Yet his *grinning* joy when the corpse of his son, killed in battle, is brought on the stage, was but a degraded substitute, for that calm and philosophic exultation, that ought to have animated not distorted the features of the patriotic hero. His soliloquy was delivered with judgment, yet he pronounced this line,

"This world was made for Cæsar,"

with a degree of pettish anger, which belied *Cato's* philosophical resignation, when he exclaims

"But thou, shalt flourish in immortal youth," &c.

he held the book high before him, as if he were congratulating *it*, and not his own soul, on its immortality. The rest of the soliloquy was unmarked by similar imperfections; but when his son enters unbidden, his petulance was too undignified, and far below the heroism of the character. In the dying scene, he rose superior to himself, feeling and judgment became his sole attributes; ranting and awkward gesticulations were over, and he expired with the deserved approbation of the whole house.

A farce, called 'The Unconscious Counterfeit, was produced (Thursday February 9,) for the first time.

The plot of this after-piece bears so much resemblance to that of 'Is he a Prince,' that we strongly suspect both have sprung from the same pen. The mistake which gives birth to the whole action, proceeds from a letter instead of a picture. The scene is in Wales instead of Germany; but the characters are nearly cast in the same mould. We find in it a good-natured, openhearted, and credulous, Welsh squire, a dasning captain, who, however, runs away from his creditors, instead like Captain Lindorf, of travelling to see his love, a timid and romantic swain, who finishes by marrying the young lady, and an old usurer, who in the other farce, is replaced by a rich banker. The incidents with which this piece abounds have some claims to probability, and are highly ludicrous and entertaining. The total unconsciousness of Capt. Dashwood, or the Counterfeit, renders his part more interesting, and the embarrassment in which he finds himself when suddenly meeting with the usurer, to whom he owes two thousand pounds, and who was in search of him with a bailiff, produces some really comic scenes. The story is well conducted; the dialogue, which is not crushed by a luxuriancy of puns, is natural, sometimes rather low, but in general elegant. The conclusion is more probable than that of 'Is he a Prince.' And, upon the whole, the piece is still more entitled to the favourable reception with which it met, than that amusing but too inconsistent afterpiece.

Instead of descanting on the authors and performers of our dramas, describing the beauties of theatrical scenery, and the numbers and elegance of the audiences assembling within the walls of Drury-Lane Theatre, it now (February 24, 1809), becomes our melancholy business to record the entire destruction of this once magnificent temple of the histrionic muse.

Without the most remote apprehension of conflagration, and, being the night for the celebration of Oratorios, at the exact time when no business was conducting in it, Drury-Lane Theatre was discovered to be on fire, soon after eleven o'clock on Friday night. Its progress was as astonishing as its effects were destructive.

It was first observed at the end next to Bridges-street, where a number of carpenters have lately been employed in making alterations, and it has been conjectured that a light had unfortunately been left there by the workmen. Within a few minutes after it was first observed, the flames burst out at the roof, and encircled the statue of Apollo. About a quarter before twelve, the statue, and part of the roof on which it stood, fell in with a terrible crash. The roof fell down by fragments, and not all at once, as is common in buildings destroyed by fire.

The flames first broke out in the workrooms immediately over the Lounge, or the Lobby, where the audience resorted for refreshment. The engines, although instantly sent for, could not reach the scene of destruction in time to give effectual assistance. It was nearly half past eleven before they could administer any aid, and at that period the violence of the flames was irresistible.

When the fire was first discovered in the interior of the Theatre, several attempts were made to extinguish it; but it had completely identified itself with the wood, and in less than five minutes after the entrance of Mr. Johnston, the Machinist, who, residing close to the House, was one of the first that witnessed the progress of the flames, the boxes, pit, and stage, were covered with fire and smoke.

At the suggestion of a gentleman present,

Mrs. Jordan's dressing-room was broken open, and her bureau, looking glasses, &c. were conveyed away. The treasury was next looked to, some gentlemen present having directed the attention of about a dozen persons who were in the house thither, and all the books, papers, &c. were conveyed away to the houses of Mr. Grubb, Mr. Bowley, in Russell-street, and Mr. Kent, in Tavistock-steeet. These books and papers, with the articles from Mrs. Jordan's rooms, were the only things saved. The persons interested in the Theatre speedily arrived, but these, together with the performers, were in time only to witness the destruction of their property. At this moment, Mr. Peake, the Treasurer, arrived in a state of agitation not easily to be described, and, against the repeated advice of his friends, resolutely went to the Treasury, and succeeded in getting away other private papers. The Theatre was at this time left to its fate, and the appearance was most awfully and tremendously grand. Never before did we behold so immense a body of flame, and the occasional explosions that took place were awful in appearance beyond description. The interior was completely destroyed by one o'clock, and some of the walls had fallen in at that time.

We regret to state, that the solidity of the walls, upon which the Architect and the Managers placed the most confident reliance, has failed, and the greater part of them have given way. Shortly after one o'clock the chief part of the front in Russell and Brydges-street fell in with a horrible crash, and before two, the side in Vinegar-yard fell with a dreadful noise, in an outward direction.

About twelve o'clock intelligence of the conflagration reached the House of Commons. The fire was then raging with the greatest fury, and distinctly visible from the gallery windows. Several of the Members quitted the House and went upon Westminster Bridge to view the flames, which, from that point presented a spectacle more sublimely terrific than any that has been witnessed in this capital since the fire of 1666. Those who recollect how beautiful and conspicuous an object the Theatre appeared from the bridge, may form some conception of the awful spectacle it exhibited glowing in every part with ignited matter. The horizon was so illumined with the flames, that every steeple from Whitechapel to Westminster Abbey was as visible as at noon day; and the reflection of so immense a body of light on the river considerably added to the afflicting grandeur of the scene.

It was in truth a compliment of the highest nature to Mr. Sheridan, who was in the House, that the representatives of the British people should participate in his distress, and sympathise in his feelings.

Mr. W. Elliot and Lord Temple suggested the propriety of an adjournment, in consideration of the great personal calamity which the House had been just informed had befallen a Right Hon. Gent. (Mr. Sheridan) for whom every one must feel.

Mr. Sheridan in a low tone of voice, and evidently much affected, said he did not think the misfortune which had happened to himself was of a proper nature to interrupt the proceedings of the House. This sentiment was with difficulty acquiesced in and the debate proceeded.

We rejoice to state that the fire extended no further than the ruins of the Theatre, with the exception of some slight damage done to Mr. Beath's oyster-shop, and Nathan's fruit-shop, in Vinegar-yard, which was occasioned by the falling of the walls of the Theatre in that direction. Some of the houses partially caught fire in Russel-street, but the engines with a plentiful supply of water, continued to play on the houses contiguous to the Theatre. It turns out that the edifice was erected on timber piers, cased with stone. The destruction of the whole building is of course easily accounted for.

No fire has occurred for the last fifty years in the metropolis, that has been attended with such rapid and decisive destruction. It is due to the exertions of the firemen belonging to the different Offices, to observe, that they worked the engines with incessant labour and great judgment. All their efforts were, however, in vain; and it was found totally impossible to preserve a single vestige of the interior of the house. The multitude assembled on the occasion amounted to at least a hundred thousand souls. Such was the force of the conflagration, that its heat was strongly felt at the church in Covent-garden. The Police Officers were unremitting in their vigilance and attention, and the avenues to the Theatre were guarded by strong detachments from the horse and foot guards, and several of the volunteer corps.

An appearance of fire, at about a quarter after eleven o'clock, is said to have been perceived at a window, on the second story of this building, fronting Russel-street, without exciting any proper degree of apprehension, till, about twenty minutes afterwards, the entire upper part of the theatre burst into one tremendous burning! The cupola and the

Apollo, which fell in about 12 o'clock, and which, in every direction, formed such prominent objects of contemplation, were for some time clearly and sublimely distinguishable.

The spectacle of real desolation which the structure afforded, when contemplated from Blackfriars-bridge at twelve o'clock, far surpassed in magnificence any of the mimic representations which were ever viewed within its walls. The shell of the building was then entire, and the upper range of windows and the balustrade above, forming the whole length of the edifice, being raised above all the adjoining buildings, and thrown into strong relief by the flame, resembled the antient aqueducts which are still remaining in the South of Europe. From the frame of the edifice arose a broad sheet of flame: no wind stirred to break the symmetry of its ascent, so that it terminated in a "fiery pyramid." This vast splendid body threw an interesting light on the surrounding objects. The Thames and St. Paul's were rendered unusually beautiful. Thus the effect was rather that of an elaborate work of art than of a fatal casualty, to be lamented by all the Arts.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

The fire began in what was called the Chinese lobby, that is the lobby underneath the grand lobby which faced Brydges-street. This Chinese lobby was the second entered going into the Theatre from Brydges-street; it was usually but ill lighted, and from it ascended two staircases to the main passages and lobbies level with the back of the front boxes. According to the original plan of the Theatre this Chinese lobby was intended to be surrounded with shops, for the sale of various articles, such as gloves, fruits, &c. during the performance. The shops had actually been made since the opening of the Theatre, but they remained shut up with shutters, never having been finished or opened for actual use. This lobby from the beginning was a favourite toy of Mr. Sheridan, who at the commencement of the Theatre, and often since has been heard to boast what a pretty thing it would be when finished and opened in complete style. To accomplish this had only been determined this season, during the whole of which the entrance to the Theatre from Brydges-street has been shut up, that this lobby and the shops in it might be finished and opened. It was nearly ready, the varnishers were at work rather late last night, and from negligence the fire happened. How it happened is not exactly known; but it is known that the varnish caught fire, and that almost instantly the whole Theatre was in a blaze; the varnish being such combustible matter, newly laid on the walls.

The metropolis was illuminated to the remotest parts of the town, and the intelligence of the scite of the calamity seemed to spread with equal rapidity, as people from all parts came flocking towards the melancholy scene of action, as to a central point. The croud near the fatal spot was immense, and all the streets leading to it were thronged with people, yet perhaps there is no instance on record in which there appeared less turbulence and confusion. As far as it was possible to detach the mind of the spectators from the awful and tremendous calamity in view, the appearance of the metropolis was in the highest degree striking and magnificent. The tops of the houses in all directions were covered with people, and those who stood upon any house, from which a view of Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges could be seen, could see every passenger go over them, and distinctly mark the ballustrades. The Patent-shot Manufactory, and, indeed, every large edefice on the South of the Thames, as well as those on the other side, were illuminated with great splendour, and contributed to render the *coup d'œil* the grandest spectacle of the kind that perhaps has ever been witnessed since that memorable calamity, emphatically denominated the fire of London.

The reservoir of water on the top, which formed with the iron curtain the topic of reliance for security in the Prologue with which the new Theatre was opened, was like a mere bucketfull to the volume of fire on which it fell, and had no visible effect in damping it. Any attempt to go near the flames was totally impracticable—and all that was saved from ruin was done by the presence of mind and activity of Mr. Kent, who was the first to discover the flames; Mr. Powell, the prompter; and Mr. Johnston, the mechanist; with the two watchmen. They ascertained that the fire broke out in the hall under the lobby at Brydges-street entry, where some plumbers had been at work. When the leaden cistern fell in, it produced a shock like an earthquake, and the burning matter forced up into the air resembled a shower of rockets and other artificial fireworks.—The houses in Little Russel-street, facing the Theatre, are dreadfully seared and whitened; some of them had been on fire in the window-frames, and all the windows are broken by the heat. In Vinegar-Yard two or three small

houses close to the box-door, are burnt, gutted with she fire, but the walls are not down. ad not the wall in Little Russell-street, fallen inwards on the Theatre, it must have crushed the opposite houses. That street is, notwithstanding, filled up across to the opposite pavement with the ruins, chiefly of the fragments of the broken colonnade, the stone pillars being broken into small pieces, and with the stone-works and half-burnt beams of timber. The fire burnt fully up to Drury-lane, to which a part of the building, made into a scene-painting room, we believe, had been lately carried. The walls in Drury-lane are standing; but in all quarters the wood-work and inside of the Theatre are completely down. The baker's shop closely adjoining the building of the Theatre, in Drury-lane, does not appear to have been in the least damaged, not even disturbed! it is open and at business as if nothing had happened! The next house down the lane, in which was the stage-door, and the next house to that which was the Treasury, do not seem to have been injured by the fire, though they are disordered, some of the windows out, &c. The building of this Theatre cost 200,000*l*.—Of the immense property of all sorts, in scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, music, instruments, plays, &c. of which nothing was saved, we can form no estimate.

The following we have authority to say, is an exact statement of the amount of the sums insured on the Theatre, at the respective Fire-Offices:

The British - - -	5,000
Imperial - - -	13,000
Hope - - -	10,000
Eagle - - -	6,500
Total -	£. 34,400

The loss to the Performers is most serious. They have lost every thing—and, in one day, several hundred persons are thrown out of bread. There is no place in town to which they can have resort as a temporary theatre, unless they were to divide themselves into several parties, and act at the Lyceum, the Royalty, &c.

The loss of lives, compared with that which we had to deplore on a similar occasion, is inconsiderable. One person, we understand, was overwhelmed by the falling of the wall into Russell-street, and by the same occurrence another was so bruised as to be carried off upon a shutter, apparently in a dying state.

Astonishing, indeed, was the electric rapidity with which this fire communicated itself throughout the whole of the theatre. Words can convey no adequate conception of the awfully interesting spectacle. Mute with surprise, silent in despair, and full of the recollection of another similar recent calamity, the thronging multitude seemed assembled for no purpose so much as inwardly to moralise upon the scene of destruction! Scarcely a voice was at one time heard. Every one st ood amazed, perplexed, tremulous.

It is thus that, within the short space of little more than five months, the two great Theatres of our Metropolis have been suddenly and entirely consumed; while the Palace of the Nation has also narrowly escaped the ravages of the same devouring element. Chance and carelessness, however, are still the only causes to which mankind appear disposed to attribute the most terrible of terrestrial disasters!!!

On Saturday evening, at six o'clock, the wall at the east end fell with a tremendous crash, on the side next Drury-Lane. The warehouse of Mr. Allen, the tallow-chandler, together with that of Mr. Hughes, the oilman, and some back premises belonging to the Harlequin (public-house), were compleely buried in the ruins. There was also some slighter damage done to the dwelling-houses of these and other persons; but the crash was for some expected, and there was no person hurt.

A high paling fence has been properly erected round all the avenues to protect the passengers from further accident.

The firrst cause of the fire yet remains undiscovered. We now learn that when Mr. Kent, accompanied by Mr. Nisbett, and Mr. Phillips, (who both live in Vinegar-yard), first got into the Theatre, followed soon after by Mr. Hodson, they observed a woman in the house as well as the two watchmen. She seemed frantic, and run about shrieking and putting out the candles which these persons lighted, to endeavour to discover the engine and pipes. This was in the first moment, and when it was doubtful where the fire actually was. Even upon this point the statements differ. The labourers who were in charge of the house say, they first observed the flames in the room above the saloon, where the plumbers had been at work; but Mr. Kent and Mr. Nisbett say they certainly saw it first, or at least as soon, in the lobby below the saloon, as in the saloon itself. But they all agree that the burst was nearly instantaneous. What is most singular, and which is to be made the subject of parti-

cular investigation is, that no one of the people of the house knew the woman that was observed when the flames first burst out, nor has she been heard of since. She is described as a large bulky woman, of ruddy complexion, and they say that she was half undrest.

Mr. Mathews, Mr. Russell, Mr. De Camp, and Mr. Penley, the performers, were at the house of Richard Wilson, Esq. in Lincoln's-inn-fields, when the alarm was given of the Theatre being in flames. They all started together. The three first were just in time to save their properties, Mr. Penley arrived only to see his dressing room enveloped in fire.

It has been said that the reservoir was empty of water. This is not true. A fireman belonging to the British, of the name of White, had the care of it, and but two days before he had inspected the premises, the engine, pipes, plugs, and buckets, and they were all in order. If there had been persons in the house, who knew where to lay their hands on the pipes and buckets, when the fire was first discovered, the theatre might have been saved.

The rapidity of the flames was unexampled. As soon as it reached the front boxes, it run along like a train of powder. This was owing o the very dry oil painting of the fronts. From the boxes it communicated to the fly-wings of the stage, and thus spread one universal torrent of fire over the whole hollow extent of the Theatre. If the walls had been a solid mass of masonry, like the Albion Mills, the fire would, in all probability, have been limited to the area; but the building, as we have stated, was a timber carcase, nogged and faced with brick, so that when the fire reached the beam-ends, the casing gave way, and piece after piece was precipitated to the ground.

It was a magnificent pile of building, though a bad theatre. In attempting to do too much, the architect egregiously erred. He thought chiefly of capacity—and he not only adopted the *lyre* form (the very worst that can be imagined), but he carried it to a height that made it a well, and dissipated the sound. If it were not, therefore, for the serious, and, we fear, irretrievable ruin that it brings on many most interesting persons, the public would have the probability of an improved theatre from the accident. But how the loss is to be re covered we know not. The insurance does not amount to more than 34,000*l.* or 35,000*l.* Of this sum we do not hear what proportion is on the building, and what on the wardrobe, scenery, &c. All that is on the building will of course go to the ground landlord, according to the Act; to be applied to the rebuilding, and yet the whole sum would not lay the foundation of such a theatre.

How, then, is it to be re-established? The debt due to Renters, Box-owners, Annuitants, Ticket-holders, Performers and Tradesmen is so considerable, that a new Theatre on the same scite, in which all their interests shall be revived, could not be carried on with a profit; for in addition to the amount of their demands, a sum of 150,000*l.* at least would be required to re-establish the structure. On the other side, to sacrifice the claims of so many fair creditors would be inconsistent with the English character. When a similar calamity occurred at the King's Theatre, an attempt indeed was made by a Nobleman, high in place, to remove the licence, and to erect the Theatre on his own estate.—Nay, the Pantheon was converted into an Opera; but Mr. Taylor, with a firmness that did him credit, stood by his creditors, and by their concurring aid raised the present pile from the ashes of the old, and hence have arisen the burthens which have oppressed it ever since; for he was finally obliged to take upon himself the debt incurred by his rivals in their attempt to ruin him.

The fruitful mind of Mr. Sheridan may devise a plan of the same kind, by which the Theatre may be rebuilt, and justice done to all. He has strong and indubitable claims on his country, for, contrary to the common sentiment, we think that no public man deserves so much from his country, as he who has spent his life in watching the errors, and restraining the encroachments, of the Government. And it will not be denied, that he might long ago have reached the summit of fortune if he had sacrificed his independence at the shrine of power.

There are many other most deserving objects reduced by this conflagration. Mr. Tom Sheridan had entered upon the management of it with the most favourable prospects. Mrs. Richardson and her four orphan daughters derived their sole support from the share held by the late estimable Joseph Richardson, Esq.; and the many Performers and Dependants on the Theatre are flung, in one fatal night, out of all means of subsistence.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The principal novelty in this quarter, during the month, consisted of an after-piece, in two acts, entitled 'Is he a Prince?'—This entertainment was first acted on Tuesday Februar

14. It is from the pen of the translator of the 'Portrait of Michael Cervantes,' which was brought forward at Munden's benefit, and we at first suspected it sprung from the Gallic soil. We however do not recollect any piece on the French stage, which bears any resemblance to it. The plot is not very natural, but who expects to find nature in a farce? It branches out into many entertaining scenes, and ludicrous incidents, which keep the House in a continual roar of laughter, and therefore fulfils the great end of a farce, amusement. The unintentional exchange of a picture suddenly changes a young Officer, in the opinion of a German Baron, a great sportsman, his maiden sister, a lady swelled with genealogical pride, and a Count, filled with good nature, but void of sense, into the *Duke of Anhault*, their Sovereign. Profitting by this mistake, the young Officer obtains the hand of the *Baron*'s daughter, who had been pledged to the *Count*, and being discovered by the untimely arrival of his uncle, is forgiven by all parties, and abdicates his sovereignty to assume the title of *Caroline*'s husband.

The characters do not possess any novelty, but are well brought into action. Some inconsistencies are also visible. It appears strange that a banker should take the liberty of remonstrating with his Sovereign on his marriage with his subject, especially as the scene lies in Germany and not in England. For the same reason, why *Lindorf*'s uncle should have changed all his money into *guineas* is not clear, unless he wished to make a transfer to the British funds, as although many guineas may have of late years been sent to Germany, still they are not become the current coin of the land.

The situations and incidents are entitled to greater praise than the dialogue, which, however, is free from ridiculous puns, and not devoid of elegance. Liston, Jones, Fawcett, Munden, and Farley, displayed their abilities to great advantage; and Mrs. Davenport and Miss Norton were excellent in their respective parts.

This after-piece was well received by a crowded house, and has since continued to attract the loud applause of overflowing numbers.

DRAMATIC RUMOUR.

"The veteran *Watson* is now in town, beating up, not for recruits, but well drilled soldiers, for the summer campaign, at *Cheltenham*. He has already enlisted *Cooke*, and for some months given him a company."—*Morning Post*. He has since engaged Elliston, and the Misses Adams.

Dublin is to produce the first *Drama* from the pen of *Anacreon Moore!* Expectation is on tip-toe.

The *Pantheon*, in Oxford-street, is said to be taken for the reception of the Drury-Lane Company. It is proposed to erect another gallery in this theatre.

"When the first persons entered the burning Theatre in Drury-Lane, a woman met them, upon the stage, (who had the appearance of *a lady of a certain description*), who endeavoured to snatch a candle from the hand of Mr. Kent while he was endeavouring to explore the place in which the fire broke out!"—*Morning Herald*, February 27. Why was not *this* wretch secured; or, did Mr. Kent take her for *a ghost?* This *female Guy-Faux* demands public discovery.

REVIEW OF EVENTS.

Il ne s'agit pas ici de subtilités théologiques: il est question de la liberté de penser, et de parler, et d'écrire —

Fragment des Voyages de L'Opinion dans les Quatres Parties du Monde.

A ferment, or Spirit, call it which you please, is raised; but, I bless God! it is not the blind and infuriate *Spirit of Party*. It is a *Spirit* which springs from *Information and Conviction*, that has diffused itself not only to all orders of men, but to men of all denominations. Even they who act against it encourage it. You cannot call it Toryism, when such numbers of independent Whigs avow it. To call it Whiggism would be improper likewise, when so many Tories concur in it. He who should call it Jacobitism (or, Jacobinism), would be too absurd to deserve an answer. What is it, then?—It is, I think, a revival of the true old ENGLISH SPIRIT, which prevailed in the days of our fathers; and which must always be national, since it has no direction but to the *National Interest*, &c. &c.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FEBRUARY, 1809.

HOW many generations of our countrymen have now passed away since their independent ancestors, the English Barons, fondly and nobly exclaimed, with one accord,—"Nolumus Leges Angliæ Mutare!" Proudly exulting in the conquest they had obtained over national tyranny, and glorying in the liberties which they had secured to their descendants, it was satisfaction enough for them, reviewing their patriotic exertions, that the Laws of England were explicitly defined and immutably determined. Yes, and even to later years, of our loved country,

Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.
And Wolf's great name compatriot with his own!— "*The Task.*"

We have since been favoured with more than one Wolfe—in an Abercrombie and a Moore; and we might, in Fox, have possessed another Chatham! Let us not despond of soon finding another, and another Wolfe: but, for another Chatham— —— —— —— —— —— ——

In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain,
She cloth'd him with authority and awe,—
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law!
His speech, his form, his action; full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
No sycophant, or slave, that dar'd oppose
Her sacred cause—but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crush'd, at the first word he spoke.

Cowper's 'Table Talk.'

How mortifying, how melancholy, seems the contrast of what was with what is!—Such are the scenes which have been acted before us, so familiar are we become with the most alarming catastrophes, that men, instead of anxiously looking forward, into no very distant futurity, and preparing themselves to meet the great transactions which remain to be developed, pusilanimously incline to shrink within themselves, and endeavour to silence all premonition of the calamities they appear destined to endure. Something of a poet, though not much of a politician, it must be forgiven me if I cannot relapse into the apathy with which so many of my contemporaries contrive to solace themselves; for, as Cowper asserts, it sometimes happens, that

A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms;
He hears the tempest, ere the thunder lowers;
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs,

Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan!

It is not in the nature of some minds to avoid all presentiments respecting futurity. There is, indeed, what I consider even as *analogical prophecy*. Is it the character of rational beings, who are, at the same time, *enquiring observers* of public events, to make no *deductions* from the *comparisons* which they are continually forming?

There is light enough among us, Heaven knows! if human creatures would merely open their eyes to admit it. He must be miserably superficial in estimating these woeful times, if he does not, while he perceives what is passing around him, gather some tolerable notion of much that is still likely to come to pass. Every day produces (as almost every day has long been producing) unexpected discoveries relating to men, and the affairs of mankind. It is a flood of light by which we are surrounded! They are "a cloud of witnesses" to whose testimony we may refer!

Heaven can still infatuate whom it designs to destroy. When the cup of sin is drained to its very dregs, when the measure of iniquity is nigh overflowing, then, and not till then, does the admonitory "hand-writing" become apparent on the walls of the banqueting-house. This is as true of nations as of persons. While, however, we are actually reading the "hand-writing that is against us, the question ought to be put individually, as once it was put, "understandest thou what thou readest?" We, it is to be feared, are alarmed without being admonished.

The existing Inquiry into the Conduct of the Commander in Chief of our National Military, originating in the Charges preferred by Mr. Wardell, still continues to agitate the public mind.

Amidst the alarm and anxiety which this business has occasioned, its investigation, it must be confessed, has not been altogether dispassionately conducted, and, as one consequence of this irregularity, few appear to be duly sensible of the benefits likely to result from the inquiry itself. As there is some latent good mingled with all apparent ill, so, it will be found, the country has reason to rejoice even in this unpleasant investigation. It has brought the question of a Free Press again into discussion. The enthusiasm of our compatriots, already excited in favour of the freedom of foreign nations, is now roused to assert their own imprescriptable rights. Our patriotism, like our charity, is happily beginning at home! These tempestuous times will elicit extraordinary characters, and will produce very unexpectedly, if not even unimagined, occurrences,

Heaven be praised! there are still such things among us as plain men, with plain sense; men whose direct understandings can detect delusion, and whose honest consciences cannot be silenced by evasive excusations! What, however, must these men conclude from what they now see?

Yhanks to the legal genius of the Court of King's Bench, which, "in compassion to our manifold infirmities hath," at length, "taught us" what we are *not* either to write or say! It is impossible to imagine the disquisitions into which "existing circumstances" might have led us, had not my Lord Ellenborougn generously admonished us, according to "The Morning Post of February the 24th, 1809, that—"*Whatever held a man up to ridicule and contempt was a libel!*" How unluckily is it for poor *Sir John Carr*, together with his bottle-holder *Sir Richard Phillips*, that our present elightened *Chief Justice* did not make some discovery of this kind antecedently to their contest with Messrs. *Hood and Sharpe!* I forget, however, that *Sir John Carr* was *not* the *Duke of Sussex!!!* Perhaps, indeed, my Lord Ellenborough still adheres to what he called the *Liberty of the Press*, as it concerns, and *only* concerns *Literature* itself. We may still hold, I suspect, *Writers* up to *Ridicule* and *Contempt*; and we are therefore fully at liberty to amuse ourselves with the Duke of York's *Love-Letters* to Mistress Clarke. Ah—— if all the "Royal Dukes" had written Love-Letters! There will soon not exist the man who may not find reason to wish, upon this point of our law, with the ancient patriarch, that his "enemy had written a book." It really is some satis-

faction to be still able legally to *avenge* yourself on an *adversary* by *ridiculing* his *writings*.

Lawyers, nevertheless, should be careful of being too rigid in endeavouring to discountenance what they deem libelling. How much of grist do libels furnish for their mill! Besides, is it quite fair that, by putting on a certain species of wig and arraying themselves in a particular gown, they should take the *privilege of libelling* entirely to their own profession? The thing seems monstrous.

Happily, however, *looks* are not yet made *libels!*—"A cat," says one of our old saws, "may look at a king." I wish, therefore, that certain *rulers* could see the *looks* of their *subjects* at this moment!

Alas, for Britain! Her sun of glory is rapidly descending—because her spirit has been tamed! The rights and honour of princes are most talked of when the rights and dignity of men are most threatened. Men may sigh, but they dare not speak; and they may groan, but it must be in secret.

Turning from the contemplation of our Domestic Politics, where one perceives absolutely nothing on which the truly patriotic citizen can pause with any degree of complacency, let us cursorily advert to the present complexion of Foreign Affairs. A man naturally runs abroad when he finds every thing disagreeable at home.

Another *French Fleet*, destined, as it is conjectured, for *Cadiz*, has just *escaped out of the port of Brest!* Lord Gambier, with an adequate naval force, is pursuing the hostile fleet, but —— —— *will he be able to overtake it?* He sailed from Torbay the same day (February 21,) that the French left Brest.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as usual, has detected the plans of his foes; and, having repaired to Paris, is doubtless preparing to counteract the designs of *Austria*, whose proceedings there is no difficulty in foreseeing, will terminate in the *annihilation* of this one remaining portion *of the dynasty of the Bourbons! Spain*, therefore, will now probably be the *last branch* of that royal house, which is reserved to encircle the *Iron Crown*.

Something seems also fomenting in *Russia!*—Attempts, it is stated, have been made to *assassinate* the Grand Duke Constantine; who, expecting to be eventually made *Emperor of Constantinople* by Bonaparte, is imagined, among his own countrymen, to be the chief supporter of the French cause in Russia. "As soon as the Duke got back to Petersburgh, a reward of 100,000 rubles was offered for the discovery of the parties concerned. The next day a placard was stuck up; offering 200,000 rubles to the person who would accomplish what they had failed in." It seems rather ridiculous to talk of Russia, after this circumstance, as one of the most despotic governments on the earth. London, with all its boasted political liberties, never ventured to exhibit any thing like the Placard of Petersburgh.

America, whose people cannot yet subdue the spirit which they first imbibed from their mother-country, begins again to exhibit some symptoms of men whose sires were

"Suckled at fair Freedom's breast!"

Liberty, like Columbus, once navigated in quest of a new world. Let her sons never forget the fact; but, jealous of power under any form, let them refuse to bow down to *despotism* even under the specious semblance of *democracy!*

What awfully eventful times are those in which we are compelled to act!—Every thing among men is disjointed or disjointing. The chain of the social system is unlinked. Affairs are quite gone out of their ordinary course and march. Men know not how either to think or act for the best. As to *speaking* what we are *thinking*—what wise man, solicitous only for his common welfare, will venture *now* to promulge his opinions publicly? We have eyes, but we must *not see*: we have ears, but we must *not hear*: we have understandings, but we *dare not* understand, to any *beneficial purpose*, the things which are *transacting* around us. Ruin, however, will not come upon us unawares. We shall fall, as Lord Bacon told Queen Elizabeth would be his fate, with our eyes wide open. Let us, till then, try to trifle away trouble, and chuckle at calamity!

Feb. 27, 1809. *Nero!*